Serfojee Rajah. 1829

THE IMPROVISATRICE;

AND

OTHER POEMS.

Drawn by T. M. Wright. Engraved by Chas. Heath.

THE IMPROVISATRICE.

He heard her prayer with withering look;
Then from unholy herbs he took
A drug, and said it would recover
The lost heart of her faithless lover.

Published by Hurst, Robinson, & Co. London, 1824.

THE IMPROVISATRICE:

and

OTHER POEMS.

BY

L. E. L.

A New Edition.

Drawn by C. Fielding. Engraved by E. I. Roberts.

FLORENCE! Fair city of that land
Where the Poet's lip & the Painter's hand
Are most divine ——

LONDON.

PUBLISHED BY HURST, ROBINSON & C° 90. CHEAPSIDE. & 8. PALL MALL.

1825.

THE IMPROVISATRICE;

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY L. E. L.

WITH EMBELLISHMENTS.

It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is overruled by Fate.
MARLOWE.

FIFTH EDITION.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR HURST, ROBINSON AND CO.
90, CHEAPSIDE; AND 8, PALL-MALL; AND
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CONTENTS.

Page

THE IMPROVISATRICE 1

TALES AND MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

ROSALIE . . . . . . - . . 109

ROLAND'S TOWER 129

THE GUERILLA CHIEF 143

THE BAYADERE 155

ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL 179

THE DESERTER 185

GLADESMUIR 193

THE MINSTREL OF PORTUGAL 204

THE BASQUE GIRL AND HENRI QUATRE . . 212

THE SAILOR 219

THE COVENANTERS 227

FRAGMENTS.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL 237

LINES WRITTEN UNDER A PICTURE OF A GIRL BURNING A LOVE-LETTER 240

ARION, A TALE 242

Page

MANMADIN, THE INDIAN CUPID, FLOATING DOWN THE GANGES 252
THE FEMALE CONVICT 258
THE PAINTER'S LOVE 262
INEZ 271
THE OAK 282
THE VIOLET 284
CHANGE 286
THE GREY CROSS 289
CRESCENTIUS 291
ON A STAR 295
HOME 297
THE EMERALD RING: A SUPERSTITION 299
LOVE 301
LOVE, HOPE, AND BEAUTY 303
THE CRUSADER 304
THE WARRIOR: A SKETCH 308
APOLOGUE 313

BALLADS.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE 319
SONG OF THE HUNTER'S BRIDE 322
WHEN SHOULD LOVERS BREATHE THEIR VOWS? . . 325

THE IMPROVISATRICE.

I AM a daughter of that land,
Where the poet's lip and the painter's hand
Are most divine,—where the earth and sky,
Are picture both and poetry—
I am of Florence. 'Mid the chill
Of hope and feeling, oh! I still
Am proud to think to where I owe
My birth, though but the dawn of woe!

My childhood passed 'mid radiant things,
Glorious as Hope's imaginings;
Statues but known from shapes of the earth,
By being too lovely for mortal birth;
Paintings whose colours of life were caught
From the fairy tints in the rainbow wrought;
Music whose sighs had a spell like those
That float on the sea at the evening's close;
Language so silvery, that every word
Was like the lute's awakening chord;
Skies half sunshine, and half starlight;
Flowers whose lives were a breath of delight;
Leaves whose green pomp knew no withering;
Fountains bright as the skies of our spring;
And songs whose wild and passionate line
Suited a soul of romance like mine.

My power was but a woman's power;
Yet, in that great and glorious dower
Which Genius gives, I had my part:
I poured my full and burning heart
In song, and on the canvass made
My dreams of beauty visible;
I knew not which I loved the most—
Pencil or lute,—both loved so well.

Oh, yet my pulse throbs to recall,
When first upon the gallery's wall
Picture of mine was placed, to share
Wonder and praise from each one there!
Sad were my shades; methinks they had
Almost a tone of prophecy—
I ever had, from earliest youth,
A feeling what my fate would be.

My first was of a gorgeous hall,
Lighted up for festival;
Braided tresses, and cheeks of bloom,
Diamond agraff, and foam-white plume;
Censers of roses, vases of light,
Like what the moon sheds on a summer night.
Youths and maidens with linked hands,
Joined in the graceful sarabands,
Smiled on the canvass; but apart
Was one who leant in silent mood
As revelry to his sick heart
Were worse than veriest solitude.
Pale, dark-eyed, beautiful, and young,
Such as he had shone o'er my slumbers,
When I had only slept to dream
Over again his magic numbers.

Divinest Petrarch! he whose lyre,
Like morning light, half dew, half fire,
To Laura and to love was vowed—
He looked on one, who with the crowd
Mingled, but mixed not; on whose cheek
There was a blush, as if she knew
Whose look was fixed on her's. Her eye,
Of a spring-sky's delicious blue,
Had not the language of that bloom,
But mingling tears, and light, and gloom,
Was raised abstractedly to Heaven:—
No sign was to her lover given.
I painted her with golden tresses,
Such as float on the winds caresses
When the laburnums wildly fling
Their sunny blossoms to the spring.

A cheek which had the crimson hue
  Upon the sun touched nectarine;
A lip of perfume and of dew;
  A brow like twilight's darkened line.
I strove to catch each charm that long
Has lived,—thanks to her lover's song!
Each grace he numbered one by one,
That shone in her of Avignon.

  I ever thought that poet's fate
Utterly lone and desolate.
It is the spirit's bitterest pain
To love, to be beloved again;
And yet between a gulf which ever
The hearts that burn to meet must sever.
And he was vowed to one sweet star,
Bright yet to him, but bright afar.

O'er some, Love's shadow may but pass
As passes the breath-stain o'er glass;
And pleasures, cares, and pride combined,
Fill up the blank Love leaves behind.
But there are some whose love is high,
Entire, and sole idolatry;
Who, turning from a heartless world,
  Ask some dear thing, which may renew
Affection's severed links, and be
  As true as they themselves are true.
But Love's bright fount is never pure;
And all his pilgrims must endure
All passion's mighty suffering
Ere they may reach the blessed spring.
And some who waste their lives to find
  A prize which they may never win:

Like those who search for Irem's groves,
  Which found, they may not enter in.
Where is the sorrow but appears
In Love's long catalogue of tears?
And some there are who leave the path
  In agony and fierce disdain;
But bear upon each cankered breast
  The scar that never heals again.

  My next was of a minstrel too,
Who proved what woman's hand might do,
When, true to the heart pulse, it woke
  The harp. Her head was bending down,
As if in weariness, and near,
  But unworn, was a laurel crown.
She was not beautiful, if bloom
And smiles form beauty; for, like death,

Her brow was ghastly; and her lip
Was parched, as fever were its breath.
There was a shade upon her dark,
Large, floating eyes, as if each spark
Of minstrel ecstacy was fled,
Yet leaving them no tears to shed;
Fixed in their hopelessness of care,
And reckless in their great dispair.
She sat beneath a cypress tree,
  A little fountain ran beside,
And, in the distance, one dark rock
  Threw its long shadow o'er the tide;
And to the west, where the nightfall
Was darkening day's gemm'd coronal,
Its white shafts crimsoning in the sky,
Arose the sun-god's sanctuary.

I deemed, that of lyre, life, and love
  She was a long, last farewell taking;—
That, from her pale and parched lips,
  Her latest, wildest song was breaking.

SAPPHO'S SONG.

Farewell, my lute!—and would that I
  Had never waked thy burning chords!
Poison has been upon thy sigh,
  And fever has breathed in thy words.

Yet wherefore, wherefore should I blame
  Thy power, thy spell, my gentlest lute?
I should have been the wretch I am,
  Had every cord of thine been mute.

It was my evil star above,
  Not my sweet lute, that wrought me wrong;

It was not song that taught me love,
But it was love that taught me song.

If song be past, and hope undone,
And pulse, and head, and heart, are flame;
It is thy work, thou faithless one!
But, no!—I will not name thy name!

Sun-god! lute, wreath are vowed to thee!
Long be their light upon my grave—
My glorious grave—yon deep blue sea:
I shall sleep calm beneath its wave!

Florence! with what idolatry
I've lingered in thy radiant halls,
Worshipping, till my dizzy eye
Grew dim with gazing on those walls,

Where Time had spared each glorious gift
By Genius unto Memory left!
And when seen by the pale moonlight,
More pure, more perfect, though less bright,
What dreams of song flashed on my brain,
Till each shade seemed to live again;
And then the beautiful, the grand,
The glorious of my native land,
In every flower that threw its veil
Aside, when wooed by the spring gale;
In every vineyard, where the sun,
His task of summer ripening done,
Shone on their clusters, and a song
Came lightly from the peasant throng;—
In the dim loveliness of night,
In fountains with their diamond light,

In aged temple, ruined shrine,
And its green wreath of ivy twine;—
In every change of earth and sky,
Breathed the deep soul of poesy.

As yet I loved not;—but each wild,
High thought I nourished raised a pyre
For love to light; and lighted once
By love, it would be like the fire
The burning lava floods that dwell
In Etna's cave unquenchable.

One evening in the lovely June,
Over the Arno's waters gliding,
I had been watching the fair moon
Amid her court of white clouds riding;—

I had been listening to the gale,
  Which wafted music from around,
(For scarce a lover, at that hour,
  But waked his mandolin's light sound),—
And odour was upon the breeze,
Sweet thefts from rose and lemon trees.

They stole me from my lulling dream,
  And said they knew that such an hour
Had ever influence on my soul,
  And raised my sweetest minstrel power.
I took my lute,—my eye had been
Wandering round the lovely scene,
Filled with those melancholy tears,
Which come when all most bright appears,

And hold their strange and secret power,
Even on pleasure's golden hour.
I had been looking on the river,
Half-marvelling to think that ever
Wind, wave, or sky, could darken where
All seemed so gentle and so fair:
And mingled with these thoughts there came
  A tale, just one that Memory keeps—
Forgotten music, till some chance
  Vibrate the chord whereon it sleeps!

A MOORISH ROMANCE.

Softly through the pomegranate groves
Came the gentle song of the doves;
Shone the fruit in the evening light,
Like Indian rubies, blood-red and bright;

Shook the date-trees each tufted head,
As the passing wind their green nuts shed;
And, like dark columns, amid the sky
The giant palms ascended on high;
And the mosque's gilded minaret
Glistened and glanced as the daylight set.
Over the town a crimson haze
Gathered and hung of the evening's rays;
And far beyond, like molten gold,
The burning sands of the desert rolled.
Far to the left, the sky and sea
Mingled their gray immensity;
And with flapping sail and idle prow
The vessels threw their shades below
Far down the beach, where a cypress grove
Casts its shade round a little cove,

Darkling and green, with just a space
For the stars to shine on the water's face,
A small bark lay, waiting for night
And its breeze to waft and hide its flight.
Sweet is the burthen, and lovely the freight,
For which those furled-up sails await,
To a garden, fair as those
Where the glory of the rose
Blushes, charmed from the decay
That wastes other blooms away;
Gardens of the fairy tale
Told, till the wood-fire grows pale,
By the Arab tribes, when night,
With its dim and lovely light,
And its silence, suiteth well
With the magic tales they tell.

Through that cypress avenue,
Such a garden meets the view,
Filled with flowers—flowers that seem
Lighted up by the sunbeam;
Fruits of gold and gems, and leaves
Green as hope before it grieves
O'er the false and broken-hearted,
All with which its youth has parted,
Never to return again,
Save in memories of pain!

There is a white rose in yon bower,
But holds it a yet fairer flower:
And music from that cage is breathing,
Round which a jasmine braid is wreathing,

A low song from a lonely dove,
A song such exiles sing and love,
Breathing of fresh fields, summer skies—
Now to be breathed of but in sighs!
But fairer smile and sweeter sigh
Are near when LEILA's step is nigh!
With eyes dark as the midnight time,
Yet lighted like a summer clime
With sun-rays from within; yet now
Lingers a cloud upon that brow,—
Though never lovelier brow was given
To Houri of an Eastern heaven!
Her eye is dwelling on that bower,
As every leaf and every flower
Were being numbered in her heart;—

There are no looks like those which dwell

On long-remembered things, which soon
Must take our first and last farewell!

Day fades apace: another day,
That maiden will be far away,
A wanderer o'er the dark-blue sea,
And bound for lovely Italy,
Her mother's land! Hence, on her breast
The cross beneath a Moorish vest;
And hence those sweetest sounds, that seem
Like music murmuring in a dream,
When in our sleeping ear is ringing
The song the nightingale is singing;
When by that white and funeral stone,
Half-hidden by the cypress gloom,

The hymn the mother taught her child
  Is sung each evening at her tomb.
But quick the twilight time has past,
Like one of those sweet calms that last
A moment and no more, to cheer
The turmoil of our pathway here.
  The bark is waiting in the bay,
Night darkens round:—LEILA, away!
Far, ere to-morrow, o'er the tide,
Or wait and be—ABDALLA's bride!

  She touched her lute—never again
Her ear will listen to its strain!
She took her cage, first kissed the breast—
  Then freed the white dove prisoned there:

It paused one moment on her hand,
  Then spread its glad wings to the air.
She drank the breath, as it were health,
  That sighed from every scented blossom;
And, taking from each one a leaf,
  Hid them, like spells, upon her bosom.
Then sought the secret path again
  She once before had traced, when lay
A Christian in her father's chain;
  And gave him gold, and taught the way
To fly. She thought upon the night,
When, like an angel of the light,
She stood before the prisoner's sight,
And led him to the cypress grove,
And showed the bark and hidden cove;

And bade the wandering captive flee,
In words he knew from infancy!
And then she thought how for her love
  He had braved slavery and death,
That he might only breathe the air
  Made sweet and sacred by her breath.
She reached the grove of cypresses —
  Another step is by her side:
Another moment, and the bark
  Bears the fair Moor across the tide!

'Twas beautiful, by the pale moonlight,
To mark her eyes,—now dark, now bright,
As now they met, now shrank away,
From the gaze that watched and worshipped
    their day.

They stood on the deck, and the midnight gale
Just waved the maiden's silver veil—
Just lifted a curl, as if to show
The cheek of rose that was burning below:
And never spread a sky of blue
More clear for the stars to wander through!
And never could their mirror be
A calmer or a lovelier sea!
For every wave was a diamond gleam:
And that light vessel well might seem
A fairy ship, and that graceful pair
Young Genii, whose home was of light and air!

Another evening came, but dark;
The storm clouds hovered round the bark

Of misery:—they just could see
The distant shore of Italy,
As the dim moon through vapours shone—
A few short rays, her light was gone.
O'er head a sullen scream was heard,
As sought the land the white sea-bird,
Her pale wings like a meteor streaming.
Upon the waves a light is gleaming—
Ill-omened brightness, sent by Death
To light the night-black depths beneath.
The vessel rolled amid the surge;
The winds howled round it, like a dirge
Sung by some savage race. Then came
The rush of thunder and of flame:
It showed two forms upon the deck,—
One clasped around the other's neck,

As there she could not dream of fear—
In her lover's arms could danger be near?
He stood and watched her with the eye
Of fixed and silent agony.
The waves swept on: he felt her heart
  Beat close and closer yet to his!
They burst upon the ship!—the sea
  Has closed upon their dream of bliss!

Surely theirs is a pleasant sleep
  Beneath that ancient cedar tree,
Whose solitary stem has stood
  For years alone beside the sea!
The last of a most noble race,
That once had there their dwelling-place,

Long past away! Beneath its shade,
A soft green couch the turf had made:—
And glad the morning sun is shining
On those beneath the boughs reclining.
Nearer the fisher drew. He saw
  The dark hair of the Moorish maid,
Like a veil, floating o'er the breast
  Where tenderly her head was laid;—
And yet her lover's arm was placed
Clasping around the graceful waist!
But then he marked the youth's black curls
  Were dripping wet with foam and blood;
And that the maiden's tresses dark
  Were heavy with the briny flood!
Woe for the wind!—woe for the wave!
They sleep the slumber of the grave!

They buried them beneath that tree;
It long had been a sacred spot.
Soon it was planted round with flowers
By many who had not forgot;
Or yet lived in those dreams of truth
The Eden birds of early youth,
That make the loveliness of love:
And called the place "THE MAIDEN'S COVE,"—
That she who perished in the sea
Might thus be kept in memory.

FROM many a lip came sounds of praise,
Like music from sweet voices ringing;
For many a boat had gathered round,
To list the song I had been singing.
There are some moments in our fate
That stamp the colour of our days;

As, till then, life had not been felt,—
  And mine was sealed in the slight gaze
Which fixed my eye, and fired my brain,
And bowed my heart beneath the chain.
'Twas a dark and flashing eye,
Shadows, too, that tenderly,
With almost female softness, came
O'er its mingled gloom and flame.
His cheek was pale; or toil, or care,
Or midnight study, had been there,
Making its young colours dull,
Yet leaving it most beautiful.
Raven curls their shadow threw,
Like the twilight's darkening hue,
O'er the pure and mountain snow
Of his high and haughty brow:

Lighted by a smile, whose spell
Words are powerless to tell.
Such a lip!—oh, poured from thence
Lava floods of eloquence
Would come with fiery energy,
Like those words that cannot die.
Words the Grecian warrior spoke
When the Persian's chain he broke;
Or that low and honey tone,
Making woman's heart his own;
Such as should be heard at night,
In the dim and sweet starlight;
Sounds that haunt a beauty's sleep,
Treasures for her heart to keep.
Like the pine of summer tall;
Apollo, on his pedestal

In our own gallery, never bent
More graceful, more magnificent;
Ne'er look'd the hero, or the king,
  More nobly than the youth who now,
As if soul-centred in my song,
  Was leaning on a galley's prow.
He spoke not when the others spoke,
  His heart was all too full for praise;
But his dark eyes kept fixed on mine,
  Which sank beneath their burning gaze.
Mine sank—but yet I felt the thrill
Of that look burning on me still.
I heard no word that others said—
  Heard nothing, save one low-breathed sigh.
My hand kept wandering on my lute,
  In music, but unconsciously

My pulses throbbed, my heart beat high,
A flush of dizzy ecstasy
  Crimsoned my cheek; I felt warm tears
Dimming my sight, yet was it sweet,
My wild heart's most bewildering beat,
  Conciousness, without hopes or fears,
Of a new power within me waking,
Like light before the morn's full breaking.
I left the boat—the crowd: my mood
Made my soul pant for solitude.

  Amid my palace halls was one,
The most peculiarly my own:
The roof was blue and fretted gold,
The floor was of the Parian stone,
Shining like snow, as only meet
For the light tread of fairy feet;

And in the midst, beneath a shade
Of clustered rose, a fountain played,
Sprinkling its scented waters round,
With a sweet and lulling sound,—
O'er oranges, like Eastern gold,
Half hidden by the dark green fold
Of their large leaves;—o'er hyacinth bells,
Where every summer odour dwells,
And, nestled in the midst, a pair
Of white wood-doves, whose home was there:
And like an echo to their song,
At times a murmur past along;
A dying tone, a plaining fall,
So sad, so wild, so musical—
As the wind swept across the wire,
And waked my lone Æolian lyre,

Which lay upon the casement, where
The lattice wooed the cold night air,
Half hidden by a bridal twine
Of jasmine with the emerald vine.
And ever as the curtains made
A varying light, a changeful shade,
As the breeze waved them to and fro,
Came on the eye the glorious show
Of pictured walls where landscape wild
Of wood, and stream, or mountain piled,
Or sunny vale, or twilight grove,
Or shapes whose every look was love;
Saints, whose diviner glance seemed caught
From Heaven,—some whose earthlier thought
Was yet more lovely,—shone like gleams
Of Beauty's spirit seen in dreams.

I threw me on a couch to rest,
  Loosely I flung my long black hair;
It seemed to soothe my troubled breast
  To drink the quiet evening air.
I looked upon the deep-blue sky,
And it was all hope and harmony.
Afar I could see the Arno's stream
Glorying in the clear moonbeam;
And the shadowy city met my gaze,
Like the dim memory of other days;
And the distant wood's black coronal
Was like oblivion, that covereth all.
I know not why my soul felt sad;
  I touched my lute,—it would not waken,
Save to old songs of sorrowing—
  Of hope betrayed—of hearts forsaken

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARA

Each lay of lighter feeling slept,
I sang, but, as I sang, I wept.

THE CHARMED CUP.

And fondly round his neck she clung;
Her long black tresses round him flung,—
Love chains, which would not let him part;
And he could feel her beating heart,
The pulses of her small white hand,
The tears she could no more command,
The lip which trembled, though near his,
The sigh that mingled with her kiss;—
Yet parted he from that embrace.
He cast one glance upon her face:
His very soul felt sick to see
Its look of utter misery;

Yet turned he not; one moment's grief,
One pang, like lightning, fierce and brief,
One thought, half pity, half remorse,
Passed o'er him. On he urged his horse;
Hill, ford, and valley spurred he by,
And when his castle-gate was nigh,
White foam was on his 'broider'd rein,
And each spur had a blood-red stain.
But soon he entered that fair hall:
His laugh was loudest there of all;
And the cup that wont one name to bless,
Was drained for its forgetfulness.
The ring, once next his heart, was broken;
The gold chain kept another token.
Where is the curl he used to wear—
The raven tress of silken hair?

The winds have have scattered it. A braid
Of the first spring day's golden shade,
Waves with the dark plumes on his crest.
Fresh colours are upon his breast:
The slight blue scarf, of simplest fold,
Is changed for one of woven gold.
And he is by a maiden's side,
Whose gems of price, and robes of pride,
Would suit the daughter of a king;
And diamonds are glistening
Upon her arm. There's not one curl
Unfastened by a loop of pearl.
And he is whispering in her ear
Soft words that ladies love to hear.

Alas!—the tale is quickly told—
His love hath felt the curse of gold!

And he is bartering his heart
For that in which it hath no part.
There's many an ill that clings to love;
But this is one all else above;—
For love to bow before the name
Of this world's treasure: shame! oh, shame!
Love, be thy wings as light as those
That waft the zephyr from the rose,—
This may be pardoned—something rare
In loveliness has been thy snare!
But how, fair Love, canst thou become
A thing of mines—a sordid gnome?

And she whom Julian left—she stood
A cold white statue; as the blood
Had, when in vain her last wild prayer,
Flown to her heart, and frozen there.

Upon her temple, each dark vein
Swelled in its agony of pain.
Chill, heavy damps were on her brow;
Her arms were stretched at length, though now
Their clasp was on the empty air:
A funeral pall—her long black hair
Fell over her; herself the tomb
Of her own youth, and breath, and bloom.

Alas! that man should ever win
So sweet a shrine to shame and sin
As woman's heart!—and deeper woe
For her fond weakness, not to know
That yielding all but breaks the chain
That never reunites again!

It was a dark and tempest night—
No pleasant moon, no blest starlight;
But meteors glancing o'er the way,
Only to dazzle and betray.
And who is she that, 'mid the storm,
Wraps her slight mantle round her form?
Her hair is wet with rain and sleet,
And blood is on her small snow feet.
She has been forced a way to make
Through prickly weed and thorned brake,
Up rousing from its coil the snake;
And stirring from their damp abode
The slimy worm and loathsome toad:
And shuddered as she heard the gale
Shriek like an evil spirit's wail;

When followed, like a curse, the crash
Of the pines in the lightning flash:—
A place of evil and of fear—
Oh! what can JULIAN's love do here?

On, cn the pale girl went. At last
The gloomy forest depths are past,
And she has reached the wizard's den,
Accursed by God and shunned by men.
And never had a ban been laid
Upon a more nnwholesome shade.
There grew dank elders, and the yew
Its thick sepulchral shadow threw;
And brooded there each bird most foul,
The gloomy bat and sullen owl.

But IDA entered in the cell,
Where dwelt the wizard of the dell.
Her heart lay dead, her life-blood froze
To look upon the shape which rose
To bar her entrance. On that face
Was scarcely left a single trace
Of human likeness: the parched skin
Showed each discoloured bone within;
And, but for the most evil stare
Of the wild eyes' unearthly glare,
It was a corpse, you would have said,
From which life's freshness long had fled.
Yet IDA knelt her down and prayed
To that dark sorcerer for his aid.
He heard her prayer with withering look;
Then from unholy herbs he took

A drug, and said it would recover
The lost heart of her faithless lover.
She trembled as she turned to see
His demon sneer's malignity;
And every step was winged with dread,
To hear the curse howled as she fled.

It is the purple twilight hour,
And Julian is in Ida's bower.
He has brought gold, as gold could bless
His work of utter desolateness!
He has brought gems, as if Despair
Had any pride in being fair!
But Ida only wept, and wreathed
Her white arms round his neck; then breathed

Those passionate complaints that wring
A woman's heart, yet never bring
Redress. She called upon each tree
To witness her lone constancy!
She called upon the silent boughs,
The temple of her Julian's vows
Of happiness too dearly bought!
Then wept again. At length she thought
Upon the forest-sorcerer's gift—
The last, lone hope that love had left!
She took the cup, and kissed the brim,
Mixed the dark spell, and gave it him
To pledge his once dear Ida's name!
He drank it. Instantly the flame
Ran through his veins: one fiery throb
Of bitter pain—one gasping sob

Of agony—the cold death-sweat
Is on his face—his teeth are set—
His bursting eyes are glazed and still:
The drug has done its work of ill.
Alas! for her who watched each breath,
The cup her love had mixed bore—death.

LORENZO!—when next morning came
For the first time I heard thy name!
LORENZO!—how each ear-pulse drank
The more than music of that tone!
LORENZO!—how I sighed that name,
As breathing it, made it mine own!

I sought the gallery: I was wont
  To pass the noontide there, and trace
Some statue's shape of loveliness—
  Some saint, some nymph, or muse's face.
There, in my rapture, I could throw
  My pencil and its hues aside,
And, as the vision past me, pour
  My song of passion, joy, and pride.
And he was there,—LORENZO there!
  How soon the morning past away,
With finding beauties in each thing
  Neither had seen before that day!
Spirit of Love! soon thy rose-plumes wear
The weight and the sully of canker and care:
Falsehood is round thee; Hope leads thee on,
Till every hue from from thy pinion is gone.

But one bright moment is all thine own,
The one ere thy visible presence is known;
When, like the wind of the south, thy power,
Sunning the heavens, sweetening the flower,
Is felt, but not seen. Thou art sweet and calm
As the sleep of a child, as the dew-fall of balm.
Fear has not darkened thee; Hope has not made
The blossoms expand, it but opens to fade.
Nothing is known of those wearing fears
Which will shadow the light of thy after years.
Then art thou bliss:—but once throw by
The veil which shrouds thy divinity;
Stand confessed,—and thy quiet is fled!
Wild flashes of rapture may come instead,
But pain will be with them. What may restore
The gentle happiness known before?

I owned not to myself I loved,—
  No word of love LORENZO breathed;
But I lived in a magic ring,
  Of every pleasant flower wreathed.
A brighter blue was on the sky,
A sweeter breath in music's sigh;
The orange shrubs all seemed to bear
Fruit more rich, and buds more fair.
There was a glory on the noon,
A beauty in the crescent moon,
A lulling stillness in the night,
A feeling in the pale starlight.
There was a charmed note on the wind,
  A spell in Poetry's deep store—
Heart-uttered words, passionate thoughts,
  Which I had never marked before.

'Twas as my heart's full happiness
Poured over all its own excess.

One night there was a gorgeous feast
For maskers in COUNT LEON'S hall;
And all of gallant, fair, and young,
Were bidden to the festival.
I went, garbed as a Hindoo girl;
Upon each arm an amulet,
And by my side a little lute
Of sandal-wood with gold beset.
And shall I own that I was proud
To hear, amid the gazing crowd,
A murmur of delight, when first
My mask and veil aside I threw?
For well my conscious cheek betrayed
Whose eye was gazing on me too!

And never yet had praise been dear,
As on that evening, to mine ear.
LORENZO! I was proud to be
Worshipped and flattered but for thee!

THE HINDOO GIRL'S SONG.

PLAYFUL and wild as the fire-flies' light,
This moment hidden, the next moment bright,
Like the foam on the dark-green sea,
Is the spell that is laid on my lover by me.
Were your sigh as sweet as the sumbal's sigh,
When the wind of the evening is nigh;
Were your smile like that glorious light,
Seen when the stars gem the deep midnight;
Were that sigh and that smile for ever the same—
They were shadows, not fuel, to love's dulled flame.

768

Love once formed an amulet,
With pearls, and a rainbow, and rose-leaves set.
The pearls were pure as pearls could be,
And white as maiden purity;
The rose had the beauty and breath of soul,
And the rainbow-changes crowned the whole.
Frown on your lover one little while.
Dearer will be the light of your smile;
Let your blush, laugh, and sigh ever mingle together
Like the bloom, sun, and clouds of the sweet spring
weather.
Love never must sleep in security,
Or most calm and cold will his waking be.

And as that light strain died away,
Again I swept the breathing strings:

But now the notes I waked were sad
As those the pining wood-dove sings.

THE INDIAN BRIDE,

She has lighted her lamp, and crowned it with flowers,
The sweetest that breathed of the summer hours·
Red and white roses linked in a band,
Like a miden's blush, or a maiden's hand;
Jasmines,—some like silver spray,
Some like gold in the morning ray;
Fragrant stars,—and favourites they,
When Indian girls, on a festival-day,
Braid their dark tresses: and over all weaves
The rosy-bower of lotus leaves—
Canopy suiting the lamp-lighted bark,
Love's own flowers, and Love's own ark.

She watched the sky, the sunset grew dim;
She raised to Camdeo her evening hymn.
The scent of the night-flowers came on the air;
And then, like a bird escaped from the snare,
She flew to the river—(no moon was bright,
But the stars and the fire-flies gave her their light;
She stood beneath the mangoes' shade,
Half delighted and half afraid;
She trimmed the lamp, and breathed on each bloom
(Oh, that breath was sweeter than all their perfume!)
Threw spices and oil on the spire of flame,
Called thrice on her absent lover's name;
And every pulse throbbed as she gave
Her little boat to the Ganges' wave.

There are a thousand fanciful things
Linked round the young heart's imaginings.
In its first love-dream, a leaf or a flower
Is gifted then with a spell and a power:
A shade is an omen, a dream is a sign,
From which the maiden can well divine
Passion's whole history. Those only can tell
Who have loved as young hearts can love so well,
How the pulses will beat, and the cheek will be
dyed,
When they have some love-augury tried.
Oh, it is not for those whose feelings are cold,
Withered by care, or blunted by gold;
Whose brows have darkened with many years,
To feel again youth's hopes and fears—

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASW… …NJORE

What they now might blush to confess,
Yet what made their spring-day's happiness!

Zaide watched her flower-built vessel glide,
Mirrored beneath on the deep-blue tide;
Lovely and lonely, scented and bright,
Like Hope's own bark, all bloom and light.
There's not one breath of wind on the air,
The heavens are cloudless, the waters are fair,
No dew is falling; yet woe to that shade!
The maiden is weeping—her lamp has decayed.

Hark to the ring of the cymetar!
It tells that the soldier returns from afar.
Down from the mountains the warriors come:
Hark to the thunder-roll of the drum!—

To the startling voice of the trumpet's call!—
To the cymbal's clash!—to the atabal!
The banners of crimson float in the sun.
The warfare is ended, the battle is won.
The mother hath taken the child from her breast,
And raised it to look on its father's crest.
The pathway is lined, as the bands pass along,
With maidens, who meet them with flowers and song.
And Zaide hath forgotten in Azim's arms
All her so false lamp's falser alarms.

This looks not a bridal,—the singers are mute,
Still is the mandore, and breathless the lute;
Yet there the bride sits. Her dark hair is bound,
And the robe of her marriage floats white on the ground
Oh! where is the lover, the bridegroom?—oh! where?
Look under yon black pall—the bridegroom is there!

Yet the guests are all bidden, the feast is the same,
And the bride plights her troth amid smoke and 'mid
flame!
They have raised the death-pyre of sweet-scented wood,
And sprinkled it o'er with the sacred flood
Of the Ganges. The priests are assembled:—their song
Sinks deep on the ear as they bear her along,
That bride of the dead. Ay, is not this love?—
That one pure, wild feeling all others above:
Vowed to the living, and kept to the tomb!—
The same in its blight as it was in its bloom.
With no tear in her eye, and no change in her smile,
Young Zaide had come nigh to the funeral pile.
The bells of the dancing-girls ceased from their sound;
Silent they stood by that holiest mound.

From a crowd like the sea-waves there came not a breath,
When the maiden stood by the place of death!
One moment was given—the last she might spare!
To the mother, who stood in her weeping there.
She took the jewels that shone on her hand;
She took from her dark hair its flowery band,
And scattered them round. At once they raise
The hymn of rejoicing and love in her praise.
A prayer is muttered, a blessing said,—
Her torch is raised!—she is by the dead.
She has fired the pile! At once there came
A mingled rush of smoke and of flame:
The wind swept it off. They saw the bride,—
Laid by her Azim, side by side.
The breeze had spread the long curls of her hair:
Like a banner of fire they played on the air.

The smoke and the flame gathered round as before,
Then cleared;—but the bride was seen no more!

I h·ard the words of praise, but not
The one voice that I paused to hear;
And other sounds to me were like
A tale poured in a sleeper's ear.
Where was LORENZO?—He had stood
Spell-bound; but when I closed the lay,
As if the charm ceased with the song,
He darted hurriedly away.
I masqued again, and wandered on
Through many a gay and gorgeous room;
What with sweet waters, sweeter flowers,
The air was heavy with perfume,

The harp was echoing the lute,
Soft voices answered to the flute,
And, like rills in the noontide clear,
Beneath the flame-hung gondolier,
Shone mirrors peopled with the shades
Of stately youths and radiant maids;
And on the ear in whispers came
Those winged words of soul and flame,
Breathed in the dark-eyed beauty's ear
By some young love-touched cavalier;
Or mixed at times some sound more gay,
Of dance, or laugh, or roundelay.
Oh, it is sickness to the heart
To bear in revelry its part,
And yet feel bursting:—not one thing
Which has part in its suffering,—

The laugh as glad, the step as light,
The song as sweet, the glance as bright;
As the laugh, step, and glance and song,
Did to young happiness belong.

I turned me from the crowd, and reached
  A spot which seemed unsought by all—
An alcove filled with shrubs and flowers,
  But lighted by the distant hall,
With one or two fair statues placed,
  Like deities of the sweet shrine.
That human art should ever frame
  Such shapes so utterly divine!
A deep sigh breathed,—I knew the tone;
  My cheek blushed warm, my heart beat high;—

One moment more I too was known,—
  I shrank before LORENZO's eye.
He leant beside a pedestal.
  The glorious brow, of Parian stone,
Of the Antinous, by his side,
  Was not more noble than his own!
They were alike: he had the same
  Thick-clustering curls the Roman wore—
The fixed and melancholy eye—
  The smile which passed like lightning o'er
The curved lip. We did not speak,
But the heart breathed upon each cheek;
We looked round with those wandering looks,
  Which seek some object for their gaze,
As if each other's glance was like
  The too much light of morning's rays.

I saw a youth beside me kneel;
I heard my name in music steal;
I felt my hand trembling in his;—
Another moment, and his kiss
Had burnt upon it; when, like thought,
  So swift it past, my hand was thrown
Away, as if in sudden pain.
  LORENZO like a dream had flown!
We did not meet again:—he seemed
  To shun each spot where I might be;
And, it was said, another claimed
  The heart—more than the world to me!

I loved him as young Genius loves,
  When its own wild and radiant heaven
Of starry thought burns with the light,
  The love, the life, by passion given.

I loved him, too, as woman loves—
  Reckless of sorrow, sin, or scorn:
Life had no evil destiny
  That, with him, I could not have borne!
I had been nurst in palaces;
  Yet earth had not a spot so drear,
That I should not have thought a home
  In Paradise, had he been near!
How sweet it would have been to dwell,
Apart from all, in some green dell
Of sunny beauty, leaves and flowers;
And nestling birds to sing the hours!
Our home, beneath some chesnut's shade,
But of the woven branches made:
Our vesper hymn, the low, lone wail
The rose hears from the nightingale;

And waked at morning by the call
Of music from a waterfall.
But not alone in dreams like this,
Breathed in the very hope of bliss,
I loved: my love had been the same
In hushed despair, in open shame.
I would have rather been a slave,
  In tears, in bondage, by his side,
Than shared in all, if wanting him,
  This world had power to give beside!
My heart was withered,—and my heart
  Had ever been the world to me;
And love had been the first fond dream,
  Whose life was in reality.
I had sprung from my solitude
  Like a young bird upon the wing

To meet the arrow; so I met
  My poisoned shaft of suffering.
And as that bird, with drooping crest
And broken wing, will seek his nest,
But seek in vain; so vain I sought
My pleasant home of song and thought.
There was one spell upon my brain,
Upon my pencil on my strain;
But one face to my colours came;
My chords replied but to one name—
Lorenzo!—all seemed vowed to thee,
To passion, and to misery!
I had no interest in the things
  That once had been like life, or light;
No tale was pleasant to mine ear,
  No song was sweet, no picture bright.

I was wild with my great distress,
My lone, my utter hopelessness!
I would sit hours by the side
Of some clear rill, and mark it glide,
Bearing my tears along, till night
Came with dark hours; and soft starlight
Watch o'er its shadowy beauty keeping,
Till I grew calm:—then I would take
The lute, which had all day been sleeping
Upon a cypress tree, and wake
The echoes of the midnight air
With words that love wrung from despair.

SONG.

Farewell!—we shall not meet again
As we are parting now!

I must my beating heart restrain—
  Must veil my burning brow!
Oh, I must coldly learn to hide
  One thought, all else above—
Must call upon my woman's pride
  To hide my woman's love!
Check dreams I never may avow;
Be free, be careless, cold as thou!
Oh! those are tears of bitterness,
  Wrung from the breaking heart,
When two, blest in their tenderness,
  Must learn to live—apart!
But what are they to that lone sigh,
  That cold and fixed despair,
That weight of wasting agony
  It must be mine to bear?

Methinks I should not thus repine,
If I had but one vow of thine.
I could forgive inconstancy,
To be one moment loved by thee!
With me the hope of life is gone,
  The sun of joy is set;
One wish my soul still dwells upon—
  The wish it could forget.
I would forget that look, that tone,
My heart hath all too dearly known.
But who could ever yet efface
From memory love's enduring trace?
All may revolt, all may complain—
But who is there may break the chain?
Farewell!—I shall not be to thee
  More than a passing thought;

But every time and place will be
  With thy remembrance fraught!
Farewell! we have not often met,—
  We may not meet again;
But on my heart the seal is set
  Love never sets in vain!
Fruitless as constancy may be,
No chance, no change, may turn from thee
One who has loved thee wildly, well,—
But whose first love-vow breathed—farewell!

And lays which only told of love
  In all its varied sorrowing,
The echoes of the broken heart,
  Were all the songs I now could sing.

Legends of olden times in Greece,
  When not a flower but had its tale:
When spirits haunted each green oak;
  When voices spoke in every gale;
When not a star shone in the sky
  Without its own love history.
Amid its many songs was one
  That suited well with my sick mind.
I sang it when the breath of flowers
  Came sweet upon the midnight wind.

LEADES AND CYDIPPE.

She sat her in her twilight bower,
A temple formed of leaf and flower;
Rose and myrtle framed the roof,
To a shower of April proof;

And primroses, pale gems of spring,
Lay on the green turf glistening,
Close by the violet, whose breath
Is so sweet in a dewy wreath.
And oh, that myrtle! how green it grew!
With flowers as white as the pearls of dew
That shone beside; and the glorious rose
Lay like a beauty in warm repose,
Blushing in slumber. The air was bright
With the spirit and glow of its crimson light.

Cydippe had turned from her columned hall,
Where, the queen of the feast, she was worshipped by all:
Where the vases were burning with spices and flowers,
And the odorous waters were playing in showers;

And lamps were blazing—those lamps of perfume
Which shed such a charm of light over the bloom
Of woman, when Pleasure a spell has thrown
Over one night hour and made it her own.
And the ruby wine-cup shone with a ray,
As the gems of the East had there melted away;
And the bards were singing those songs of fire,
That bright eyes and the goblet so well inspire;—
While she, the glory and pride of the hour,
Sat silent and sad in her secret bower!

There is a grief that wastes the heart,
Like mildew on a tulip's dyes,—
When hope, deferred but to depart,
Loses its smiles, but keeps its sighs:

When love's bark, with its anchor gone,
Clings to a straw, and still trusts on.
Oh, more than all!—methinks that love
  Should pray that it might ever be
Beside the burning shrine which had
  Its young heart's fond idolatry.
Oh, absence is the night of love!
  Lovers are very children then!
Fancying ten thousand feverish shapes,
  Until their light returns again.
A look, a word, is then recalled,
  And thought upon until it wears,
What is, perhaps, a very shade,
  The tone and aspect of our fears.
And this was what was withering now
The radiance of Cydippe's brow.

She watched until her cheek grew pale;
The green wave bore no bounding sail:
Her sight grew dim; 'mid the blue air
No snowy dove came floating there,
The dear scroll hid beneath his wing,
With plume and soft eye glistening,
To seek again, in leafy dome,
The nest of its accustomed home!
Still far away, o'er land and seas,
Lingered the faithless LEADES.

She thought on the spring days, when she had
been,
Lonely and lovely, a maiden queen;
When passion to her was a storm at sea,
Heard 'mid the green land's tranquillity.

But a stately warrior came from afar;
He bore on his bosom the glorious scar
So worshipped by woman—the death-seal of war.
And the maiden's heart was an easy prize,
When valour and faith were her sacrifice.

Methinks, might that sweet season last,
In which our first love-dream is past,
Ere doubts and cares, and jealous pain,
Are flaws in the heart's diamond-chain:—
Men might forget to think on Heaven,
And yet have the sweet sin forgiven.

But ere the marriage-feast was spread,
LEADES said that he must brook

To part awhile from that best light,
Those eyes which fixed his every look:
Just press again his native shore,
And then he would that shore resign
For her dear sake, who was to him
His household-god!—his spirit's shrine!

He came not! Then the heart's decay
Wasted her silently away:—
A sweet fount, which the mid-day sun
Has all too hotly looked upon!

It is most sad to watch the fall
Of autumn leaves!—but worst of all
It is to watch the flower of spring
Faded in its fresh blossoming!

To see the once so clear blue orb
  Its summer light and warmth forget;
Darkening beneath its tearful lid,
  Like a rain-beaten violet!
To watch the banner-rose of health
  Pass from the cheek!—to mark how plain,
Upon the wan and sunken brow,
  Become the wanderings of each vein!
The shadowy hand, so thin, so pale!
  The languid step!—the drooping head!
The long wreaths of neglected hair!
  The lip whence red and smile are fled!
And having watched thus, day by day,
Light, life, and colour, pass away!
To see, at length, the glassy eye
Fix dull in dread mortality;

Mark the last ray, catch the last breath,
Till the grave sets its sign of death!

This was Cydippe's fate!—They laid
The maiden underneath the shade
Of a green cypress,—and that hour
The tree was withered, and stood bare!
The spring brought leaves to other trees,
But never other leaf grew there!
It stood, 'mid others flourishing,
A blighted, solitary thing.

The summer sun shone on that tree,
When shot a vessel o'er the sea—
When sprang a warrior from the prow—
Leades! by the stately brow.

Forgotten toil, forgotten care,
All his worn heart has had to bear.
That heart is full! He hears the sigh
That breathed 'Farewell!' so tenderly.
If even then it was most sweet,
What will it be that now they meet?
Alas! alas! Hope's fair deceit!
He spurred o'er land, has cut the wave,
To look but on CYDIPPE's grave.

It has blossomed in beauty, that lone tree,
  LEADES' kiss restored its bloom;
For wild he kissed the withered stem—
  It grew upon CYDIPPE's tomb!
And there he dwelt. The hottest ray,
Still dew upon the branches lay

Like constant tears. The winter came;
But still the green tree stood the same.
And it was said, at evening's close,
A sound of whispered music rose;
That 'twas the trace of viewless feet
Made the flowers more than flowers sweet.
At length LEADES died. That day,
Bark and green foliage past away
From the lone tree,—again a thing
Of wonder and of perishing!

One evening I had roamed beside
The winding of the Arno's tide;
The sky was flooded with moonlight;
Below were waters azure bright,

Pallazzos with their marble halls,
Green gardens, silver waterfalls,
And orange groves and citron shades,
And cavaliers and dark-eyed maids;
Sweet voices singing, echoes sent
From many a rich-toned instrument.
I could not bear this loveliness!
It was on such a night as this
That love had lighted up my dream
Of long despair and short-lived bliss.
I sought the city; wandering on,
Unconscious where my steps might be:
My heart was deep in other thoughts;
All places were alike to me:—
At length I stopped beneath the walls
Of San Mark's old cathedral halls.

I entered:—and, beneath the roof,
Ten thousand wax-lights burnt on high;
And incense on the censers fumed
As for some great solemnity.
The white-robed choristers were singing;
Their cheerful peel the bells were ringing:
Then deep-voiced music floated round,
As the far arches sent forth sound—
The stately organ:—and fair bands
Of young girls strewed, with lavish hands,
Violets o'er the mosaic floor;
And sang while scattering the sweet store.

I turned me to a distant aisle
Where but a feeble glimmering came
(Itself in darkness) of the smile
Sent from the tapers' perfumed flame;

And coloured as each pictured pane
Shed o'er the blaze its crimson stain:—
While, from the window o'er my head,
A dim and sickly gleam was shed
From the young moon,—enough to show
That tomb and tablet lay below,
I leant upon one monument,—
'Twas sacred to unhappy love:
On it were carved a blighted pine—
A broken ring—a wounded dove.
And two or three brief words told all
Her history who lay beneath:—
'The flowers—at morn her bridal flowers.—
'Formed, ere the eve, her funeral wreath.'

I could but envy her. I thought,
How sweet it must be thus to die!

Your last looks watched,—your last sigh caught,
As life or heaven were in that sigh!
Passing in loveliness and light;
Your heart as pure,—your cheek as bright
As the spring-rose, whose petals shut
By sun unscorched, by shower unwet;
Leaving behind a memory
Shrined in love's fond eternity

But I was wakened from this dream
By a burst of light—a gush of song—
A welcome, as the stately doors
Poured in a gay and gorgeous throng.
I could see all from where I stood.
And first I looked upon the bride;
She was a pale and lovely girl;—
But, oh God! who was by her side?—

LORENZO! No, I did not speak;
My heart beat high, but could not break.
I shrieked not, wept not; but stood there
Motionless in my still despair;
As I were forced by some strange thrall,
To bear with and to look on all,—
I heard the hymn, I heard the vow;
(Mine ear throbs with them even now!)
I saw the young bride's timid cheek
  Blushing beneath her silver veil.
I saw LORENZO kneel! Methought
  ('Twas but a thought!) he too was pale.
But when it ended, and his lip
  Was prest to hers—I saw no more!
My heart grew cold,—my brain swam round.—
  I sank upon the cloister floor!

I lived,—if that may be called life,
From which each charm of life has fled—
Happiness gone, with hope and love,—
In all but breath already dead.

Rust gathered on the silent chords
Of my neglected lyre,—the breeze
Was now its mistress: music brought
For me too bitter memories!
The ivy darkened o'er my bower;
Around, the weeds choked every flower.
I pleased me in this desolateness,
As each thing bore my fate's impress.

At length I made myself a task—
To paint that Cretan maiden's fate,

Whom Love taught such deep happiness,
  And whom Love left so desolate.
I drew her on a rocky shore:—
Her black hair loose, and sprinkled o'er
With white sea-foam:—her arms were bare
Flung upwards in their last despair.
Her naked feet the pebbles prest;
The tempest-wind sang in her vest:
A wild stare in her glassy eyes;
White lips, as parched by their hot sighs;
And cheek more pallid than the spray,
Which, cold and colourless, on it lay:—
Just such a statue as should be
  Placed ever, Love! beside thy shrine;
Warning thy victims of what ills—
  What burning tears, false god! are thine.

Before her was the darkling sea:
  Behind the barren mountains rose—
A fit home for the broken heart
  To weep away life, wrongs, and woes!

I had now but one hope:—that when
  The hand that traced these tints was cold—
Its pulse but in their passion seen —
  LORENZO might these tints behold,
And find my grief;—think—see—feel all
  I felt, in this memorial!

It was one evening,—the rose-light
  Was o'er each green veranda shining;
Spring was just breaking, and white buds
  Were 'mid the darker ivy twining.

My hall was filled with the perfume
Sent from the early orange bloom:
The fountain, in the midst, was fraught
With rich hues from the sunset caught;—
And the first song came from the dove,
Nestling in the shrub alcove.
But why pause on my happiness?—
  Another step was with mine there!
Another sigh than mine made sweet
  With its dear breath the scented air!
Lorenzo! could it be my hand
  That now was trembling in thine own?
Lorenzo! could it be mine ear
  That drank the music of thy tone?

We sat us by a lattice, where
  Came in the soothing evening breeze,

Rich with the gifts of early flowers,
  And the soft wind-lute's symphonies.
And in the twilight's vesper-hour,
Beneath the hanging jasmine-shower,
I heard a tale,—as fond, as dear
As e'er was poured in woman's ear!

LORENZO'S HISTORY.

I was betrothed from earliest youth
  To a fair orphan, who was left
Beneath my father's roof and care,—
  Of every other friend bereft:
An heiress, with her fertile vales,
  Caskets of Indian gold and pearl;
Yet meek as poverty itself,
  And timid as a peasant girl:

A delicate, frail thing,—but made
For spring sunshine, or summer shade;—
A slender flower, unmeet to bear
One April shower,—so slight, so fair.

I loved her as a brother loves
  His favourite sister:—and when war
First called me from our long-shared home
  To bear my father's sword afar,
I parted from her,—not as one
  Whose life and soul are wrung by parting:
With death-cold brow and throbbing pulse,
  And burning tears like life-blood starting.
Lost in war dreams, I scarcely heard
  The prayer that bore my name above:
The 'Farewell!' that kissed off her tears,
  Had more of pity than of love!

I thought of her not with that deep,
Intensest memory love will keep
More tenderly than life. To me
She was but as a dream of home,—
One of those calm and pleasant thoughts
That o'er the soldier's spirit come;
Remembering him, when battle lours,
Of twilight walks and fireside hours.

I came to thy bright FLORENCE when
The task of blood was done:
I saw thee! Had I lived before?
Oh, no! my life but then begun.
Ay, by that blush! the summer rose
Has not more luxury of light!
Ay, by those eyes! whose language is
Like what the clear stars speak at night,

Thy first look was a fever spell!—
Thy first word was an oracle
Which sealed my fate! I worshipped thee,
My beautiful, bright deity!
Worshipped thee as a sacred thing
Of Genius' high imagining;—
But loved thee for thy sweet revealing
Of woman's own most gentle feeling.
I might have broken from the chain
  Thy power, thy glory round me flung!
But never might forget thy blush—
  The smile which on thy sweet lips hung!
I lived but in thy sight! One night
  From thy hair fell a myrtle blossom;
It was a relic that breathed of thee:—
  Look! it has withered in my bosom!

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASW

Yet I was wretched, though I dwelt
  In the sweet sight of Paradise:
A curse lay on me. But not now,
  Thus smiled upon by those dear eyes,
Will I think over thoughts of pain.
  I'll only tell thee that the line
That ever told Love's misery,
  Ne'er told of misery like mine!
I wedded.—I could not have borne
  To see the young IANTHE blighted
By that worst blight the spring can know—
  Trusting affection ill requited!
Oh, was it that she was too fair,
  Too innocent for this damp earth;
And that her native star above
  Reclaimed again its gentle birth?

She faded. Oh, my peerless queen,
  I need not pray thee pardon me
For owning that my heart then felt
  For any other than for thee!
I bore her to those azure isles
  Where health dwells by the side of spring;
And deemed their green and sunny vales,
  And calm and fragrant airs, might bring
Warmth to the cheek, light to the eye,
Of her who was too young to die.
It was in vain!—and, day by day,
The gentle creature died away.
As parts the odour from the rose,—
As fades the sky at twilight's close,—
She past so tender and so fair;
  So patient, though she knew each breath

Might be her last; her own mild smile
  Parted her placid lips in death.
Her grave is under southern skies;
Green turf and flowers o'er it rise.
Oh! nothing but a pale spring wreath
Would fade o'er her who lies beneath!
I gave her prayers—I gave her tears—
  I staid awhile beside her grave;
Then led by Hope, and led by Love,
  Again I cut the azure wave.
What have I more to say, my life!
  But just to pray one smile of thine,
Telling I have not loved in vain—
  That thou dost join these hopes of mine?
Yes, smile, sweet love! our life will be
  As radiant as a fairy tale!

Glad as the sky-lark's earliest song—
  Sweet as the sigh of the spring gale!
All, all that life will ever be,
Shone o'er, divinest love! by thee.

Oh, mockery of happiness!
  Love now was all too late to save.
False Love! oh, what had you to do
  With one you had led to the grave?
A little time I had been glad
  To mark the paleness on my cheek;
To feel how, day by day, my step
  Grew fainter, and my hand more weak;
To know the fever of my soul
  Was also preying on my frame:

But now I would have given worlds
　To change the crimson hectic's flame
For the pure rose of health; to live
For the dear life that Love could give.
—Oh, youth may sicken at its bloom,
And wealth and fame pray for the tomb;—
But can love bear from love to part,
And not cling to that one dear heart?
I shrank away from death,—my tears
Had been unwept in other years:—
But thus, in love's first ecstacy,
Was it not worse than death to die?
LORENZO! I would live for thee!
But thou wilt have to weep for me!
That sun has kissed the morning dews,—
　I shall not see its twilight close!

That rose is fading in the noon,
  And I shall not outlive that rose!
Come, let me lean upon thy breast,
My last, best place of happiest rest!
Once more let me breathe thy sighs—
Look once more in those watching eyes!
Oh! but for thee, and grief of thine,
And parting, I should not repine!
It is deep happiness to die,
Yet live in Love's dear memory.
Thou wilt remember me,—my name
Is linked with beauty and with fame.
The summer airs, the summer sky,
The soothing spell of Music's sigh,—
Stars in their poetry of night,
The silver silence of moonlight,—

The dim blush of the twilight hours,
The fragrance of the bee-kissed flowers;—
But, more than all, sweet songs will be
Thrice sacred unto Love and me.
LORENZO! be this kiss a spell!
My first!—my last! FAREWELL!—FAREWELL!

THERE is a lone and stately hall,—
Its master dwells apart from all.
A wanderer through Italia's land,
  One night a refuge there I found.
The lightning flash rolled o'er the sky,
  The torrent rain was sweeping round:—
These won me entrance. He was young,
  The castle's lord, but pale like age;

His brow, as sculpture beautiful,
Was wan as Grief's corroded page,
He had no words, he had no smiles,
No hopes:—his sole employ to brood
Silently over his sick heart
In sorrow and in solitude.
I saw the hall where, day by day,
He mused his weary life away;—
It scarcely seemed a place for woe,
But rather like a genie's home.
Around were graceful statues ranged,
And pictures shone around the dome.
But there was one—a loveliest one!—
One picture brightest of all there!
Oh! never did the painter's dream
Shape thing so gloriously fair!

It was a face!—the summer day
  Is not more radiant in its light!
Dark flashing eyes, like the deep stars
  Lighting the azure brow of night;
A blush like sunrise o'er the rose;
  A cloud of raven hair, whose shade
Was sweet as evening's, and whose curls
  Clustered beneath a laurel braid.
She leant upon a harp:—one hand
  Wandered, like snow, amid the chords;
The lips were opening with such life,
  You almost heard the silvery words.
She looked a form of light and life,—
  All soul, all passion, and all fire;
A priestess of Apollo's, when
  The morning beams falls on her lyre;

A Sappho, or ere love had turned
The heart to stone where once it burned.
But by the picture's side was placed
A funeral urn, on which was traced
The heart's recorded wretchedness;—
  And on a tablet, hung above,
Was 'graved one tribute of sad words—
  'LORENZO TO HIS MINSTREL LOVE.'

TALES,

AND

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

ROSALIE.

'Tis a wild tale—and sad, too, as the sigh
That young lips breathe when Love's first dreamings
fly;
When blights and cankerworms, and chilling showers,
Come withering o'er the warm heart's passion-flowers.
Love! gentlest spirit! I do tell of thee,—
Of all thy thousand hopes, thy many fears,
Thy morning blushes, and thy evening tears;
What thou hast ever been, and still will be,—
Life's best, but most betraying witchery!

It is a night of summer,—and the sea
Sleeps, like a child, in mute tranquillity.
Soft o'er the deep-blue wave the moonlight breaks;
Gleaming, from out the white clouds of its zone,
Like beauty's changeful smile, when that it seeks
Some face it loves yet fears to dwell upon.
The waves are motionless, save where the oar,
Light as Love's anger, and as quickly gone,
Has broken in upon their azure sleep.
Odours are on the air:—the gale has been
Wandering in groves where the rich roses weep,—
Where orange, citron, and the soft lime-flowers
Shed forth their fragrance to night's dewy hours.
Afar the distant city meets the gaze,
Where tower and turret in the pale light shine,
Seen like the monuments of other days—
Monuments Time half shadows, half displays.

And there are many, who, with witching song
  And wild guitar's soul-thrilling melody,
Or the lute's melting music, float along
  O'er the blue waters, still and silently.
That night had Naples sent her best display
Of young and gallant, beautiful and gay.

There was a bark a little way apart
  From all the rest, and there two lovers leant:—
One with a blushing cheek and beating heart,
  And bashful glance, upon the sea-wave bent;
  She might not meet the gaze the other sent
Upon her beauty;—but the half-breathed sighs,
The deepening colour, timid smiling eyes,
Told that she listened Love's sweet flatteries.
Then they were silent:—words are little aid
To Love, whose deepest vows are ever made

By the heart's beat alone. Oh, silence is
Love's own peculiar eloquence of bliss!—
Music swept past:—it was a simple tone;
But it has wakened heartfelt sympathies;—
It has brought into life things past and gone;
Has wakened all those secret memories,
That may be smothered, but that still will be
Present within thy soul, young Rosalie!
The notes had roused an answering chord within:—
In other days, that song her vesper hymn had been.
Her altered look is pale:—that dewy eye
Almost belies the smile her rich lips wear;—
That smile is mocked by a scarce-breathing sigh,
Which tells of silent and suppressed care—
Tells that the life is withering with despair,
More irksome from its unsunned silentness—
A festering wound the spirit pines to bear;

A galling chain, whose pressure will intrude,
Fettering Mirth's step, and Pleasure's lightest mood.

Where are her thoughts thus wandering?—A spot,
  Now distant far, is pictured on her mind,—
A chesnut shadowing a low white cot,
  With rose and jasmine round the casement twined,
  Mixed with the myrtle-tree's luxuriant blind.
Alone, (oh! should such solitude be here?)
  An aged form beneath the shade reclined,
Whose eye glanced round the scene;—and then a tear
  Told that she missed one in her heart enshrined!
Then came remembrances of other times,
  When eve oped her rich bowers for the pale day;
When the faint, distant tones of convent chimes
  Were answered by the lute and vesper lay;—

When the fond mother blest her gentle child,
And for her welfare prayed the Virgin mild.

And she has left the aged one to steep
  Her nightly couch with tears for that lost child,—
The ROSALIE,—who left her age to weep,
  When that the tempter flattered her and wiled
  Her steps away, from her own home beguiled.

She started up in agony:—her eye
  Met MANFREDI'S. Softly he spoke, and smiled.
Memory is past, and thought and feeling lie
Lost in one dream—all thrown on one wild die.
They floated o'er the waters, till the moon
Look'd from the blue sky in her zenith noon,—

Till each glad bark at length had sought the shore,
And the waves echoed to the lute no more;—
Then sought their gay palazzo, where the ray
Of lamps shed light only less bright than day;
And there they feasted till the morn did fling
Her blushes o'er their mirth and revelling.
  And life was as a tale of faërie,—
As when some Eastern genie rears bright bowers,
And spreads the green turf and the coloured flowers;
  And calls upon the earth, the sea, the sky,
To yield their treasures for some gentle queen,
Whose reign is over the enchanted scene.
And Rosalie had pledged a magic cup—
  The maddening cup of pleasure and of love!
There was for her one only dream on earth!
  There was for her one only star above!—

She bent in passionate idolatry
Before her heart's sole idol—MANFREDI!

II.

'Tis night again—a soft and summer night;—
A deep-blue heaven, white clouds, moon and star light;—
So calm, so beautiful, that human eye
Might weep to look on such a tranquil sky:—
A night just formed for Hope's first dream of bliss,
Or for Love's yet more perfect happiness!

The moon is o'er a grove of cypress trees,
Weeping, like mourners, in the plaining breeze;
Echoing the music of a rill, whose song
Glided so sweetly, but so sad, along.

There is a little chapel in the shade,
Where many a pilgrim has knelt down and prayed
To the sweet saint, whose portrait, o'er the shrine,
The painter's skill has made all but divine.
It was a pale, a melancholy face—
A cheek which bore the trace of frequent tears,
And worn by grief,—though grief might not efface
The seal that beauty set in happier years;
And such a smile as on the brow appears
Of one whose earthly thoughts, long since subdued
Past this life's joys and sorrows, hopes and fears—
The worldly dreams o'er which the many brood,—
The heart-beat hushed in mild and chastened mood.
It was the image of the maid who wept
Those precious tears that heal and purify.
Love yet upon her lip his station kept,
But heaven and heavenly thoughts were in her eye.

One knelt before the shrine, with cheek as pale
As was the cold white marble. Can this be
The young—the loved—the happy Rosalie?
Alas! alas! her's is a common tale:—
She trusted,—as youth ever has believed;—
She heard Love's vows—confided—was deceived!

Oh, Love! thy essence is thy purity!
Breathe one unhallowed breath upon thy flame,
And it is gone for ever,—and but leaves
A sullied vase—its pure light lost in shame!

And Rosalie was loved,—not with that pure
And holy passion which can age endure;
But loved with wild and self-consuming fires,—
A torch which glares—and scorches—and expires.

A little while her dream of bliss remained,—
A little while Love's wings were left unchained.
But change came o'er the trusted MANFREDI:
His heart forgot its vowed idolatry;
And his forgotten love was left to brood
O'er wrongs and ruin in her solitude!

How very desolate that breast must be,
Whose only joyance is in memory!
And what must woman suffer, thus betrayed?—
Her heart's most warm and precious feelings made
But things wherewith to wound: that heart—so weak,
So soft—laid open to the vulture's beak!
Its sweet revealings given up to scorn
It burns to bear, and yet that must be borne!

And, sorer still, that bitterer emotion,
To know the shrine which had our soul's devotion
Is that of a false deity!—to look
Upon the eyes we worshipped, and brook
Their cold reply! Yet these are all for her!—
The rude world's outcast, and love's wanderer!
Alas! that love, which is so sweet a thing,
Should ever cause guilt, grief, or suffering!
Yet she upon whose face the sunbeams fall—
That dark-eyed girl—had felt their bitterest thrall!

She thought upon her love; and there was not
In passion's record one green sunny spot—
It had been all a madness and a dream,
The shadow of a flower on the stream,
Which seems, but is not; and then memory turned
To her lone mother. How her bosom burned

With sweet and bitter thoughts! There might be rest—
The wounded dove will flee into her nest—
That mother's arms might fold her child again.
The cold world scorn, the cruel smite in vain,
And falsehood be remembered no more,
In that calm shelter:—and she might weep o'er
Her faults and find forgiveness. Had not she
To whom she knelt found pardon in the eyes
Of Heaven, in offering for sacrifice
A broken heart? And might not pardon be
Also for her? She looked up to the face
Of that pale saint; and in that gentle brow,
Which seemed to hold communion with her thought,
There was a smile which gave hope energy.
She prayed one deep, wild prayer,—that she might gain
The home she hoped;—then sought that home again.

A flush of beauty is upon the sky—
Eve's last warm blushes—like the crimson dye
The maiden wears, when first her dark eyes meet
The graceful lover's, sighing at her feet.
And there were sounds of music on the breeze,
And perfume shaken from the citron trees;
While the dark chesnuts caught a golden ray
On their green leaves, the last bright gift of day;
And peasants dancing gaily in the shade
To the soft mandolin, whose light notes made
An echo fit to the glad voices singing.
The twilight spirit his sweet urn is flinging
Of dew upon the lime and orange-stems,
And giving to the rose pearl diadems.

There is a pilgrim by that old grey tree,
With head upon her hand bent mournfully;

And looking round upon each lovely thing,
And breathing the sweet air, as they could bring
To her no beauty and no solacing.
'Tis ROSALIE! Her prayer was not in vain.
The truant-child has sought her home again!

It must be worth a life of toil and care,—
Worth those dark chains the wearied one must bear
Who toils up fortune's steep,—all that can wring
The worn-out bosom with lone suffering,—
Worth restlessness, oppression, goading fears,
And long-deferred hopes of many years,—
To reach again that little quiet spot,
So well loved once, and never quite forgot;—
To trace again the steps of infancy,
And catch their freshness from their memory!

And it is triumph, sure, when fortune's sun
Has shone upon us, and our task is done,
To show our harvest to the eyes which were
Once all the world to us! Perhaps there are
Some who had presaged kindly of our youth.
Feel we not proud their prophecy was sooth?
But how felt ROSALIE?—The very air
  Seemed as it brought reproach! there was no eye
To look delighted, welcome none was there!
  She felt as feels an outcast wandering by
Where every door is closed! She looked around;—
She heard some voices' sweet familiar sound.
There were some changed, and some remembered things:
There were girls, whom she left in their first springs,
Now blushed into full beauty. There was one
Whom she loved tenderly in days now gone!

She was not dancing gaily with the rest:
A rose-cheeked child within her arms was prest;
And it had twined its small hands in the hair
That clustered o'er its mother's brow: as fair
As buds in spring. She gave her laughing dove
To one who clasped it with a father's love;
And if a painter's eye had sought a scene
  Of love in its most perfect lovliness—
  Of childhood, and of wedded happiness,—
He would have painted the sweet MADELINE!
But ROSALIE shrank from them, and she strayed
Through a small grove of cypresses, whose shade
Hung o'er a burying-ground, where the low stone
And the grey cross recorded those now gone!
There was a grave just closed. Not one seemed near,
To pay the tribute of one long—last tear!

How very desolate must that one be
Whose more than grave has not a memory!

Then ROSALIE thought on her mother's age,—
  Just such her end would be with her away:
No child the last cold death-pang to assuage—
  No child by her neglected tomb to pray!
She asked—and like a hope from Heaven it came!—
To hear them answer with a stranger's name.

  She reached her mother's cottage; by that gate
She thought how her once lover wont to wait
To tell her honied tales and then she thought
On all the utter ruin he had wrought!
The moon shone brightly, as it used to do
Ere youth, and hope, and love, had been untrue;

But it shone o'er the desolate! The flowers
Were dead; the faded jessamine, unbound,
Trailed, like a heavy weed, upon the ground;
And fell the moonlight vainly over trees,
Which had not even one rose,—although the breeze,
Almost as if in mockery, had brought
Sweet tones it from the nightingale had caught!

She entered in the cottage. None were there!
The hearth was dark,—the walls looked cold and bare!
All—all spoke poverty and suffering!
All—all was changed! and but one only thing
Kept its old place! Rosalie's mandolin
Hung on the wall, where it had ever been.
There was one other room,—and Rosalie

Sought for her mother there. A heavy flame
Gleamed from a dying lamp; a cold air came
Damp from the broken casement. There one lay,
Like marble seen but by the moonlight ray!
And Rosalie drew near. One withered hand
Was stretched, as it would reach a wretched stand
Where some cold water stood! And by the bed
She knelt—and gazed—and saw her mother—dead!

ROLAND'S TOWER.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

Oh, Heaven! the deep fidelity of love

WHERE, like a courser starting from the spur,
Rushes the deep-blue current of the Rhine,
A little island rests; green cypresses
Are its chief growth, bending their heavy boughs
O'er grey stones marking long-forgotten graves.
A convent once stood here; and yet remain
Relics of other times, pillars and walls,
Worn away and discoloured, yet so hung
With wreaths of ivy that the work of ruin

Is scarcely visible. How like this is
To the so false exterior of the world!
Outside all looks so fresh and beautiful;
But mildew, rot, and worm, work on beneath,
Until the heart is utterly decayed.
There is one grave distinguished from the rest,
But only by a natural monument:—
A thousand deep-blue violets have grown
Over the sod.—I do love violets:
They tell the history of woman's love;
They open with the earliest breath of spring;
Lead a sweet life of perfume, dew, and light;
And, if they perish, perish with a sigh
Delicious as that life. On the hot June
They shed no perfume: the flowers may remain,
But the rich breathing of their leaves is past:—

Like woman, they have lost their loveliest gift,
When yielding to the fiery hour of passion:
The violet breath of love is purity.

On the shore opposite, a tower stands
In ruins, with a mourning-robe of moss
Hung on the grey and shattered walls, which fling
A shadow on the waters; it comes o'er
The waves, all bright with sunshine, like the gloom
Adversity throws on the heart's young gladness.

I saw the river on a summer eve:
The sun was setting over fields of corn,—
'Twas like a golden sea;—and on the left
Were vineyards, whence the grapes shone forth like
gems,

Rubies, and lighted amber; and thence spread
A wide heath covered with thick furze, whose flowers,
So bright, are like the pleasures of this world,
Beautiful in the distance, but, once gained,
Little worth, piercing through the thorns which grow
Around them ever. Wilder and more steep
The banks upon the river's other side:
Tall pines rose up like warriors; the wild rose
Was there in all its luxury of bloom,
Sown by the wind, nursed by the dew and sun:
And on the steeps were crosses grey and old,
Which told the fate of some poor traveller.
The dells were filled with dwarfed oaks and firs;
And on the heights, which mastered all the rest,

Were castles, tenanted now by the owl,
The spider's garrison: there is not one
Without some strange old legend of the days
When love was life and death,—when lady's glove
Or sunny curl were banners of the battle.—
My history is of the tower which looks
Upon the little island.

LORD HERBERT sat him in his hall: the hearth
Was blazing as it mocked the storm without
With its red cheerfulness: the dark hounds lay
Around the fire; and the old knight had doffed
His hunting-cloak, and listened to the lute
And song of the fair girl who at his knee
Was seated. In the April hour of life,

When showers are led by rainbows, and the heart
Is all bloom and green leaves, was ISABELLE:
A band of pearls, white like the brow o'er which
They past, kept the bright curls from off the fore-
head; thence
They wandered to her feet—a golden shower.
She had that changing colour on the cheek
Which speaks the heart so well; those deep-blue
eyes,
Like summer's darkest sky, but not so glad—
They were too passionate for happiness.
Light was within her eyes, bloom on her cheek,
Her song had raised the spirit of her race
Upon her eloquent brow. She had just told
Of the young ROLAND's deeds,—how he had stood
Against a host and conquered; when there came

A pilgrim to the hall—and never yet
Had stranger asked for shelter and in vain!
The board was spread, the Rhenish flask was drained;
Again they gathered round the hearth, again
The maiden raised her song; and at its close,—
"I would give worlds," she said, "to see this chief,
"This gallant ROLAND! I could deem him all
"A man must honour and a woman love!"
"Lady! I pray thee not recall those words,
"For I am ROLAND!" From his face he threw
The hood and pilgrim's cloak,—and a young knight
Knelt before ISABELLE!

They loved;—they were beloved. Oh, happiness!
I have said all that can be said of bliss,
In saying that they loved. The young heart has

Such store of wealth in its own fresh wild pulse;
And it is love that works the mine, and brings
Its treasure to the light. I did love once—
Loved as youth—woman—genius loves; though
now
My heart is chilled and seared, and taught to wear
That falsest of false things—a mask of smiles;
Yet every pulse throbs at the memory
Of that which has been! Love is like the glass,
That throws its own rich colour over all,
And makes all beautiful. The morning looks
Its very loveliest, when the fresh air
Has tinged the cheek we love with its glad red;
And the hot noon flits by most rapidly,
When dearest eyes gaze with us on the page
Bearing the poet's words of love: and then

The twilight walk, when the linked arms can feel
The beating of the heart; upon the air
There is a music never heard but once,—
A light the eyes can never see again;
Each star has its own prophecy of hope,
And every song and tale that breathe of love
Seem echoes of the heart.

And time past by—
As time will ever pass, when Love has lent
His rainbow plumes to aid his flight—and spring
Had wedded with the summer, when a steed
Stood at LORD HERBERT's gate,—and ISABELLE
Had wept farewell to ROLAND, and had given
Her blue scarf for his colours. He was gone
To raise his vassals, for LORD HERBERT's towers

Were menaced with a seige; and he had sworn
By ISABELLE's white hand that he would claim
Its beauty only as a conqueror's prize.
Autumn was on the woods, when the blue Rhine
Grew red with blood:—LORD HERBERT's banner
flies,
And gallant is the bearing of his ranks.
But where is he who said that he would ride
At his right hand to battle?—ROLAND! where—
Oh! Where is ROLAND?

ISABELLE has watched
Day after day, night after night, in vain,
Till she has wept in hopelessness, and thought
Upon old histories, and said with them
"There is no faith in man's fidelity!"

ISABELLE stood upon her lonely tower;
And, as the evening-star rose up, she saw
An armed train bearing her father's banner
In triumph to the castle. Down she flew
To greet the victors :—they had reached the hall
Before herself. What saw the maiden there?
A bier!—her father laid upon that bier!
ROLAND was kneeling by the side, his face
Bowed on his hands and hid;—but ISABELLE
Knew the dark curling hair and stately form,
And threw her on his breast. He shrank away
As she were death, or sickness, or despair.
"ISABELLE! it was I who slew thy father!"
She fell almost a corpse upon the body.
It was too true! With all a lover's speed,
ROLAND had sought the thickest of the fight;

He gained the field just as the crush began;—
Unwitting of his colours, he had slain
The father of his worshipped Isabelle!

They met once more;—and Isabelle was changed
As much as if a lapse of years had past:
She was so thin, so pale, and her dim eye
Had wept away its luxury of blue.
She had cut off her sunny hair, and wore
A robe of black, with a white crucifix:—
It told her destiny—her youth was vowed
To Heaven. And in the convent of the isle
That day she was to enter, Roland stood
Like marble, cold, and pale, and motionless:
The heavy sweat upon his brow was all
His sign of life. At length he snatched the scarf

That Isabelle had tied around his neck,
And gave it her,—and prayed that she would wave
Its white folds from the lattice of her cell
At each pale rising of the evening-star,
That he might know she lived. They parted.—Never
Those lovers met again! But Roland built
A tower beside the Rhine, and there he dwelt,
And every evening saw the white scarf waved
And heard the vesper-hymn of Isabelle
Float in deep sweetness o'er the silent river.
One evening, and he did not see the scarf,—
He watched and watched in vain; at length his hope
Grew desperate, and he prayed his Isabelle
Might have forgotten him:—but midnight came,
And with it came the convent's heavy bell,
Tolling for a departed soul; and then

He knew that ISABELLE was dead! Next day
They laid her in her grave;—and the moon rose
Upon a mourner weeping there:—that tomb
Was ROLAND's death-bed!

THE GUERILLA CHIEF.

But the war-storm came on the mountain gale,
And man's heart beat high, though his cheek was pale,
For blood and dust lay on the white hair,
And the maiden wept o'er her last despair;
The hearth was cold, and the child was prest
A corpse to the murdered mother's breast;
And fear and guilt, and sorrow and shame,
Darkened wherever the war-fiend came.

It stood beneath a large old chesnut-tree,
And had stood there for years:—the moonlight fell
Over the white walls, which the vine had hung
With its thick leaves and purple fruit; a pair
Of pigeons, like the snow, were on the roof
Nestled together; and a plaining sound
Came from a fountain murmuring through the wood,

Less like the voice of sorrow than of love.
Tall trees were gathered round:—the dark-green
beech;
The sycamore, with scarlet colours on,
The herald of the autumn; dwarf rose-trees,
Covered with their last wealth; the poplar tall,
A silver spire; olives with their pale leaves;
And some most graceful shrubs, amid whose boughs
Were golden oranges; and hollow oaks,
Where the bees built their honey palaces.
It was a silent and a lovely place,
Where Peace might rest her white wings. But one
came
From out the cottage,—not as one who comes
To gaze upon the beauty of the sky
And fill his spirit with a calm delight;

But with a quick though noiseless step, as one
Who fears the very echo of that step
May raise a spectre. When he reached the fount
He sat down by its side, and turned to gaze
Upon the cottage: from his brow the sweat
Poured down like summer rain; there came no sound
From his white lips, but you might hear his heart
Beating in the deep silence. But at length
A voice came to his sorrow:—" Never—never
" Shall I look on their face again! Farewell!
" I cannot bear that word's reproach, nor look
" On pale lips breathing blessings which the tears
" Belie in speaking! I have blighted all—
" All—all their hopes, and my own happiness!"

"LEANDRO!" said a sweet and gentle voice;
And a soft hand pressed on his throbbing brow,
And tears like twilight dew fell on his cheek.
He looked upon the maiden;—'twas the one
With whom his first pure love had dwelt,—the one
Who was the sun and starlight of his youth!
She stood beside him, lovely as a saint
Looking down pity upon penitence—
Perhaps less bright in colour and in eye
Than the companion of his infancy:—
But was that cheek less fair because he knew
That it had lost the beauty of its spring
With passionate sorrowing for him? She stood
One moment gazing on his face, as there
Her destiny was written; and then took
A little crucifix of ebony

And placed it in his bosom from her own:—
"And this, LEANDRO!—this shall be thy guide!
"Thy youth has been a dream of passion; guilt
"And evil have been round thee:—go thy way!
"The showers of thy youth will clear to summer.
"My prayers be with thee!"—"Prayers!—oh! nothing more?
"Have I then lost thy love—thy precious love?
"The only green leaf of my heart is withered!"
She blushed a deep-red blush; her eloquent eyes
Met his almost reproachfully, and her face
Was the next moment hidden on his bosom.
But there was happiness even in that farewell,
Affection and deep confidence,
Tenderness, hope—for Love lights Hope—and tears,
Delicious tears! the heart's own dew.

They parted.

LEANDRO kept that little cross like life:
And when beneath the sky of Mexico,—
When earth and even heaven were strange to him,—
The trees, the flowers, were of another growth;
The birds wore other plumes; the very stars
Were not those he had looked upon in boyhood.

'Tis something, if in absence we can see
The footsteps of the past:—it soothes the heart
To breathe the air scented in other years
By lips beloved; to wander through the groves
Where once we were not lonely,—where the rose
Reminds us of the hair we used to wreathe
With its fresh buds—where every hill and vale,
And wood and fountain, speak of time gone by;—
And Hope springs up in joy from Memory's ashes.

LEANDRO felt not these:—that crucifix
Was all that wore the look of other days—
'Twas as a dear companion. Parents, home,
And, more than all, BIANCA, whose pure reign,
Troubled by the wild passions of his youth,
Had now regained its former influence,—
All seemed to hear the vows he made for her,
To share his hopes, feel for his deep remorse,
And bless him, and look forward.

And at last
Once more the white sail bore him o'er the sea,
And he saw SPAIN again. But war was there—
And his road lay through ruined villages.
Though cold, the ashes still were red, for blood
Had quenched the flames; and aged men sat down

And would not leave the embers, for they said
They were too old to seek another home.
LEANDRO met with one whom he had known
In other days, and asked of his own valley:—
It yet was safe, unscathed by the war-storm.
He knelt down in deep thankfulness; and then,
Through death and danger, sought the grove once more.

His way had been through a thick beechen wood;
The moon, athwart the boughs, had poured her light,
Like Hope, to guide him onwards.
One more turn and he should gaze upon his home!
He paused in his heart's overflowing bliss,
And thought how he should wake them from their dreams—

Perchance of him!—of his Bianca's blush!
He heard the music of the fountain come—
A sweet and welcome voice upon the wind—
He bounded on with the light steps of hope,
Of youth and happiness. He left the wood,
And looked upon—a heap of mingled blood
And blackened ashes wet upon the ground!

He was awakened from his agony
By the low accents of a woman's voice;—
He looked, and knew Bianca. She was laid
Beside the fountain, while her long black hair
Hung like a veil down to her feet: her eyes,
So large, so dark, so wild, shone through the gloom,
Glaring like red insanity. She saw
Her lover, shrieked, and strove to fly—

But fell:—her naked feet were gashed with wounds.
"And have I met thee but to see thee die?"
LEANDRO cried, as he laid the pale face
Upon his breast, and sobbed like a young child.
In vain he dashed the cold stream on her face,—
Still she lay like a corpse within his arms.
At length he thought him of a giant tree,
Whose hollow trunk, when children, they had oft
Called home in playfulness. He bore her there;
And of fresh flowers and the dry leaves he made
A bed for his pale love. She waked at last,
But not to consciousness; her wandering eyes
Fixed upon him, and yet she knew him not!—
Fever was on her lip and in her brain,
And as LEANDRO watched, his heart grew sick
To hear her rave of outrage, wrongs, and death;—

How they were wakened from their midnight sleep
By gleaming steel—curses—and flaming roof!
And then she groaned, and prayed herself to die!

It was an evening when through the green leaves
Of the old chesnut shot the golden light
Of the rich sunset; into the fresh air
Leandro bore the maiden he had nurst
As the young mother nurses her sick child.
She laid her head upon his heart, and slept
Her first sweet, quiet sleep: the evening-star
Gleamed through the purple twilight when she waked.
Her memory aroused not to the full—
Oh, that was mercy!—but she knew her love;
And over her pale face a calm smile shone,—
Fondly though faintly breathed and blest his name!

That night the moonlight shone upon LEANDRO,
And in his arms—a corpse! * * * *

He lived in one deep feeling—in revenge:
With men he mingled not but in the battle;—
His mingling there was deadly! When the GAUL
Was driven from the land which he had spoiled,
That dark chief sought BIANCA's grave!—A cross
Marks THE GUERILLA AND THE MAIDEN'S TOMB!

THE BAYADERE.

AN INDIAN TALE.

["THE BAYADERE" was taken from some faint recollection of a tale I had either read or heard; and meeting with the word "Bayadere" many years after recalled it to my memory as a subject exquisitely poetical. I have been since told it was a poem of Goëthe's. This poem has never been to my knowledge translated; and, being ignorant of the German language, I am unable to say whether the tale conforms to the original or not.]

THERE were seventy pillars around the hall,
Of wreathed gold was each capital,
And the roof was fretted with amber and gems,
Such as light kingly diadems;
The floor was marble, white as the snow
Ere its pureness is stained by its fall below:
In the midst played a fountain, whose starry showers
Fell like beams on the radiant flowers,

Whose colours were gleaming, as every one
Burnt with the kisses just caught from the sun;
And vases sent forth their silvery clouds,
Like those which the face of the young moon shrouds,
But sweet as the breath of the twilight hour
When the dew awakens the rose's power.
At the end of the hall was a sunbright throne,
Rich with every glorious stone;
And the purple canopy overhead
Was like the shade o'er the dayfall shed;
And the couch beneath was of buds half blown,
Hued with the blooms of the rainbow's zone;
And round, like festoons, a vine was rolled,
Whose leaf was of emerald, whose fruit was of gold.
But though graced as for a festival,
There was something sad in that stately hall:

There floated the breath of the harp and flute,—
But the sweetest of every music is mute;
There are flowers of light, and spiced perfume,—
But there wants the sweetest of breath and of bloom:
And the hall is lone, and the hall is drear,
For the smiling of woman shineth not here.
With urns of odour o'er him weeping,
Upon the couch a youth is sleeping:
His radiant hair is bound with stars,
  Such as shine on the brow of night,
Filling the dome with diamond rays,
  Only than his own curls less bright.
And such a brow and such an eye
As fit a young divinity;
A brow like twilight's darkening line,
An eye like morning's first sunshine,

Now glancing through the veil of dreams
As sudden light at daybreak streams.
And richer than the mingled shade
By gem, and gold, and purple made,
His orient wings closed o'er his head;
  Like that bird's, bright with every dye,
Whose home, as Persian bards have said,
  Is fixed in scented Araby.
Some dream is passing o'er him now—
A sudden flush is on his brow;
And from his lip come murmured words,
Low, but sweet as the light lute chords
When o'er its strings the night-winds glide
To woo the roses by its side.
He, the fair boy-god, whose nest
Is in the water-lily's breast;

He of the many-arrowed bow,
Of the joys that come and go
Like the leaves, and of the sighs
Like the winds of summer skies,
Blushes like the birds of spring,
Soon seen and soon vanishing;
He of hopes, and he of fears,
He of smiles, and he of tears—
Young CAMDEO, he has brought
A sweet dream of coloured thought,
One of love and woman's power,
To MANDALLA's sleeping hour.

Joyless and dark was his jewelled throne
When MANDALLA awakened and found him alone.
He drank the perfume that around him swept,
'Twas not sweet as the sigh he drank as he slept;

There was music, but where was the voice at whose thrill
Every pulse in his veins was throbbing still?
And dim was the home of his native star
While the light of woman and love was afar;
And lips of the rosebud, and violet eyes
Are the sunniest flowers in Paradise.
He veiled the light of his glorious race
In a mortal's form and a mortal's face,
And 'mid earth's loveliest sought for one
Who might dwell in his hall and share in his throne.

The loorie brought to his cinnamon nest
The bee from the midst of its honey quest,
And open the leaves of the lotus lay
To welcome the noon of the summer day.
It was glory, and light, and beauty all,
When MANDALLA closed his wing in Bengal.

He stood in the midst of a stately square,
As the waves of the sea rolled the thousands there;
Their gathering was round the gorgeous car
Where sat in his triumph the Subadar,
For his sabre was red with the blood of the slain,
And his proudest foes were slaves in his chain;
And the sound of the trumpet, the sound of his name,
Rose in shouts from the crowd as onwards he came.
With gems and gold on each ataghan,
A thousand warriors led the van,
Mounted on steeds black as the night,
But with foam and with stirrup gleaming in light;
And another thousand came in their rear,
On white horses, armed with bow and spear,
With quivers of gold on each shoulder laid,
And with crimson belt for each crooked blade.

Then followed the foot ranks,—their turbans showed
Like flashes of light from a mountain cloud,
For white were the turbans as winter snow,
And death-black the foreheads that darkened below;
Scarlet and white was each soldier's vest,
And each bore a lion of gold on his breast,
For this was the chosen band that bore
The lion standard,—it floated o'er
Their ranks like morning; at every wave
Of that purple banner, the trumpets gave
A martial salute to the radiant fold
That bore the lion-king wrought in gold.
And last the elephant came, whose tower
Held the lord of this pomp and power:
And round that chariot of his pride,
    Like chains of white sea-pearls,

Or braids enwove of summer-flowers,
  Glided fair dancing-girls;
And as the rose leaves fall to earth,
  Their light feet touched the ground,—
But for the zone of silver bells
  You had not heard a sound,
As, scattering flowers o'er the way,
Whirled round the beautiful array.
But there was one who 'mid them shone
A planet lovely and alone,
A rose, one flower amid many,
But still the loveliest of any:
Though fair her arm as the moonlight,
Others might raise an arm as white;
Though light her feet as music's fall,
Others might be as musical;

But where were such dark eyes as hers?
  So tender, yet withal so bright,
As the dark orbs had in their smile
  Mingled the light of day and night.
And where was that wild grace which shed
A loveliness o'er every tread,
A beauty shining through the whole,
Something which spoke of heart and soul.
The Almas had passed lightly on,
The armed ranks, the crowd, were gone,
Yet gazed MANDALLA on the square
As she he sought still glided there,—
Oh that fond look, whose eyeballs' strain,
And will not know its look is vain!
At length he turned,—his silent mood
Sought that impassioned solitude,

The Eden of young hearts, when first
Love in its loneliness is nurst.
He sat him by a little fount;
  A tulip-tree grew by its side,
A lily with its silver towers
  Floated in silence on the tide;
And far round a banana tree
Extended its green sanctuary;
And the long grass, which was his seat,
With every motion grew more sweet,
Yielding a more voluptuous scent
At every blade his pressure bent.
And there he lingered, till the sky
Lost somewhat of its brilliancy,
And crimson shadows rolled on the west,
And raised the moon her diamond crest,

And came a freshness on the trees,
Harbinger of the evening breeze,
When a sweet far sound of song,
Borne by the breath of flowers along,
A mingling of the voice and lute,
  Such as the wind-harp, when it makes
Its pleasant music to the gale
  Which kisses first the chords it breaks.
He followed where the echo led.
  Till in a cypress-grove he found
A funeral train, that round a grave
  Poured forth their sorrows' wailing sound;
And by the tomb a choir of girls,
  With measured steps and mournful notes,
And snow-white robes, while on the air,
  Unbound their wreaths, each dark curl floats,

Paced round and sang to her who slept
Calm, while their young eyes o'er her wept.
And she, that loveliest one, is here,
The morning's radiant Bayadere:
A darker light in her dark eyes,—
  For tears are there,—a paler brow
Changed but to charm the morning's smile,
  Less sparkling, but more touching now.
And first her sweet lip prest the flute,
  A nightingale waked by the rose,
And when that honey breath was mute,
  Was heard her low song's plaintive close,
Wailing for the young blossom's fall,
The last, the most beloved of all.
As died in gushing tears the lay,
The band of mourners passed away:

They left their wreaths upon the tomb,
As fading leaves and long perfume
Of her were emblems; and unbound
Many a cage's gilded round,
And set the prisoners free, as none
Were left to love now she was gone.
And azure wings spread on the air,
   And songs, rejoicing songs, were heard;
But, pining as forgotten now,
   Lingered one solitary bird:
A beautiful and pearl-white dove,
Alone in its remembering love.
It was a strange and lovely thing
To mark the drooping of its wing,
And how into the grave it prest
Till soiled the dark earth-stain its breast;

And darker as the night-shades grew,
Sadder became its wailing coo,
As if it missed the hand that bore,
As the cool twilight came, its store
Of seeds and flowers.—There was one
Who, like that dove, was lingering lone,—
The Bayadere: her part had been
  Only the hired mourner's part;
But she had given what none might buy,—
  The precious sorrow of the heart.
She wooed the white dove to her breast,
It sought at once its place of rest:
Round it she threw her raven hair,—
It seemed to love the gentle snare,
And its soft beak was raised to sip
The honey-dew of her red lip.

Her dark eyes filled with tears, to feel
The gentle creature closer steal
Into her heart with soft caress,
As it would thank her tenderness;
To her 'twas strange and sweet to be
Beloved in such fond purity,
And sighed MANDALLA to think that sin
Could dwell so fair a shrine within.
"Oh, grief to think that she is one
"Who like the breeze is wooed and won!
"Yet sure it were a task for love
"To come like dew of the night from above
"Upon her heart, and wash away,
"Like dust from the flowers, its stain of clay
"And win her back in her tears to heaven
"Pure, loved, and humble, and forgiven:

"Yes! freed from the soil of her earthly thrall,
"Her smile shall light up my starry hall!"

The moonlight is on a little bower,
With wall and with roof of leaf and of flower,
Built of that green and holy tree
Which heeds not how rude the storm may be.
Like a bridal canopy overhead
The jasmines their slender wreathings spread,
One with stars as ivory white,
The other with clusters of amber light:
Rose-trees four grew by the wall,
Beautiful each, but different all;
One with that pure but crimson flush
That marks the maiden's first love-blush;

By its side grew another one,
Pale as the snow of the funeral stone;
The next was rich with the damask dye
Of a monarch's purple drapery;
And the last had leaves like those leaves of gold
Worked on that drapery's royal fold.
And there were four vases, with blossoms filled,
Like censers of incense, their fragrance distilled;
Lilies, heaped like the pearls of the sea,
Peeped from their large leaves' security;
Hyacinths with their graceful bells
Where the spirit of odour dwells
Like the spirit of music in ocean shells;
And tulips, with every colour that shines
In the radiant gems of Serendib's mines;

One tulip was found in every wreath,
That one most scorched by the summer's breath,
Whose passionate leaves with their ruby glow
Hide the heart that lies burning and black below.
And there, beneath the flowered shade
By a pink acacia made,
MANDALLA lay, and by his side,
With eye, and breath, and blush that vied
With the star and with the flower
In their own and loveliest hour,
Was that fair Bayadere, the dove
  Yet nestling in her long black hair:
She has now more than that to love,
  And the loved one sat by her there.
And by the sweet acacia porch
They drank the softness of the breeze.—

Oh more than lovely are love's dreams,
'Mid lights and blooms and airs like these!
And sometimes she would leave his side,
And like a spirit round him glide:
A light shawl now wreathed round her brow,
Now waving from her hand of snow,
Now zoned around her graceful waist,
And now like fetters round her placed;
And then, flung suddenly aside,
Her many curls, instead, unbound,
Waved in fantastic braids, till loosed,
Her long dark tresses swept the ground;
Then, changing from the soft slow step,
Her white feet bounded on the wind
Like gleaming silver, and her hair
Like a dark banner swept behind;

Or with her sweet voice, sweet like a bird's
  When it pours forth its first song in spring,
The one like an echo to the other,
  She answered the sigh of her soft lute-string,
And with eyes that darkened in gentlest tears,
  Like the dewy light in the dark-eyed dove,
Would she sing those sorrowing songs that breathe
  Some history of unhappy love.
"Yes, thou art mine!" MANDALLA said,—
  "I have lighted up love in thy youthful heart;
"I taught thee its tenderness, now I must teach
  "Its faith, its grief, and its gloomier part;
"And then, from thy earth-stains purified,
"In my star and my hall shalt thou reign my bride."

It was an evening soft and fair,
As surely those in Eden are,

When, bearing spoils of leaf and flower,
Entered the Bayadere her bower;
Her love lay sleeping, as she thought,
And playfully a bunch she caught
Of azure hyacinth bells, and o'er
His face she let the blossoms fall:
"Why I am jealous of thy dreams,
"Awaken at thy AZA's call."
No answer came from him whose tone
Had been the echo of her own.
She spoke again,—no words came forth;
She clasped his hand,—she raised his head,—
One wild, loud scream, she sank beside,
As pale, as cold, almost as dead!

By the Ganges raised, for the morning sun
To shed his earliest beams upon,

Is a funeral pile,—around it stand
Priests and the hired mourners' band.
But who is she that so wildly prays
To share the couch and light the blaze?
MANDALLA's love, while scornful eye
And chilling jeers mock her agony:
An Alma girl! oh shame, deep shame,
To Brahma's race and Brahma's name!
Unmarked, unpitied, she turned aside,
For a moment her bursting tears to hide.
None thought of the Bayadere, till the fire
Blazed redly and fiercely the funeral pyre;
Then like a thought she darted by,
And sprang on the burning pile to die!

"Now thou art mine! away, away
"To my own bright star, to my home of day!"

A dear voice sighed, as he bore her along
Gently as spring breezes bear the song,
"Thy love and thy faith have won for thee
"The breath of immortality.
"Maid of earth, MANDALLA is free to call
"AZA the queen of his heart and hall!"

ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL,

HYDE-PARK CORNER.

> These are familiar things, and yet how few
> Think of this misery!---

I LEFT the crowded street and the fresh day,
And entered the dark dwelling, where Death was
A daily visitant,—where sickness shed
Its weary languor o'er each fevered couch.
There was a sickly light, whose glimmer showed
Many a shape of misery: there lay
The victims of disease, writhing with pain;

And low faint groans, and breathings short and deep,
Each gasp a heartfelt agony, were all
That broke the stillness.—There was one, whose brow
Dark with hot climates, and gashed o'er with scars,
Told of the toiling march, the battle-rush,
Where sabres flashed, the red shots flew, and not
One ball or blow but did Destruction's work:
But then his heart was high, and his pulse beat
Proudly and fearlessly:—now he was worn
With many a long day's suffering,—and death's
A fearful thing when we must count its steps!
And was this, then, the end of those sweet dreams
Of home, of happiness, of quiet years
Spent in the little valley which had been
So long his land of promise? Farewell all

Gentle remembrances and cherished hopes!
His race was run, but its goal was the grave.—
I looked upon another, wasted, pale,
With eyes all heavy in the sleep of death;
Yet she was lovely still,—the cold damps hung
Upon a brow like marble, and her eyes,
Though dim, had yet their beautiful blue tinge.
Neglected as it was, her long fair hair
Was like the plumage of the dove, and spread
Its waving curls like gold upon her pillow,
Her face was a sweet ruin. She had loved,
Trusted, and been betrayed! In other days,
Had but her cheek looked pale, how tenderly
Fond hearts had watched it! They were far away,—
She was a stranger in her loneliness,
And sinking to the grave of that worst ill,

A broken heart.—And there was one whose cheek
Was flushed with fever—'twas a face that seemed
Familiar to my memory,—'twas one
Whom I had loved in youth. In days long past,
How many glorious structures we had raised
Upon Hope's sandy basis! Genius gave
To him its golden treasures: he could pour
His own impassioned soul upon the lyre;
Or, with a painter's skill, create such shapes
Of loveliness, they were more like the hues
Of the rich evening shadows, than the work
Of human touch. But he was wayward, wild;
And hopes that in his heart's warm summer clime
Flourished, were quickly withered in the cold
And dull realities of life; . . . he was
Too proud, too visionary for this world;

And feelings which, like waters unconfined,
Had carried with them freshness and green beauty,
Thrown back upon themselves, spread desolation
On their own banks. He was a sacrifice,
And sank beneath neglect; his glowing thoughts
Were fires that preyed upon himself. Perhaps,
For he has left some high memorials, Fame
Will pour its sunlight o'er the picture, when
The artist's hand is mouldering in the dust,
And fling the laurel o'er a harp, whose chords
Are dumb for ever. But his eyes he raised
Mutely to mine—he knew my voice again,
And every vision of his boyhood rushed
Over his soul; his lip was deadly pale,
But pride was yet upon its haughty curve; . .
He raised one hand contemptuously, and seemed

As he would bid me mark his fallen state,
And that it was unheeded. So he died
Without one struggle, and his brow in death
Wore its pale marble look of cold defiance.

THE DESERTER.

> Alas, for the bright promise of our youth!
> How soon the golden chords of hope are broken,
> How soon we find that dreams we trusted most
> Are very shadows!

'Twas a sweet summer morn,—the lark had just
Sprung from the clover bower around her nest,
And poured her blithe song to the clouds; the sun
Shed his first crimson o'er the dark grey walls
Of the old church, and stained the sparkling panes
Of ivy-covered windows. The damp grass,
That waved in wild luxuriance round the graves,
Was white with dew, but early steps had been
And left a fresh green trace round yonder tomb:

'Twas a plain stone, but graven with a name
That many stopped to read—a soldier's name—
And two were kneeling by it, one who had
Been weeping; she was widow to the brave
Upon whose quiet bed her tears were falling.
From off her cheek the rose of youth had fled,
But beauty still was there, that softened grief,
Whose bitterness is gone, but which was felt
Too deeply for forgetfulness; her look,
Fraught with high feelings and intelligence,
And such as might beseem the Roman dame
Whose children died for liberty, was made
More soft and touching by the patient smile
Which piety had given the unearthly brow,
Which Guido draws when he would form a saint
Whose hopes are fixed on Heaven, but who has yet
Some earthly feelings binding them to life.

Her arm was leant upon a graceful youth,
The hope, the comfort of her widowhood;
He was departing from her, and she led
The youthful soldier to his father's tomb—
As in the visible presence of the dead
She gave her farewell blessing; and her voice
Lost its so tremulous accents as she bade
Her child tread in that father's steps, and told
How brave, how honoured he had been. But when
She did entreat him to remember all
Her hopes were centred in him, that he was
The stay of her declining years, that he
Might be the happiness of her old age,
Or bring her down with sorrow to the grave,
Her words grew inarticulate, and sobs
Alone found utterance; and he, whose cheek
Was flushed with eagerness, whose ardent eye

Gave animated promise of the fame
That would be his, whose ear already rang
With the loud trumpet's war-song, felt these dreams
Fade for a moment, and almost renounced
The fields he panted for, since they must cost
Such tears as these. The churchyard left, they passed
Down by a hawthorn hedge, where the sweet May
Had showered its white luxuriance, intermixed
With crimson clusters of the wilding rose,
And linked with honeysuckle. O'er the path
Many an ancient oak and stately elm
Spread its green canopy. How EDWARD's eye
Lingered on each familiar sight, as if
Even to things inanimate he would bid
A last farewell! They reached the cottage-gate:
His horse stood ready; many, too, were there,

Who came to say good-by, and kindly wish
To the young soldier health and happiness.
It is a sweet, albeit most painful, feeling
To know we are regretted. "Farewell" said
And oft repeated, one last wild embrace
Given to his pale mother, who stood there,
Her cold hands pressed upon a brow as cold,
In all the bursting heart's full agony—
One last, last kiss,—he sprang upon his horse,
And urged his utmost speed with spur and rein.
He is past . . . . out of sight. . . .

The muffled drum is rolling, and the low
Notes of the death-march float upon the wind,
And stately steps are pacing round that square
With slow and measured tread; but every brow
Is darkened with emotion, and stern eyes,

That looked unshrinking on the face of death,
When met in battle, are now moist with tears.
The silent ring is formed, and in the midst
Stands the deserter! Can this be the same,
The young, the gallant EDWARD? and are these
The laurels promised in his early dreams?
Those fettered hands, this doom of open shame?
Alas! for young and passionate spirits! Soon
False lights will dazzle. He had madly joined
The rebel banner! Oh 'twas pride to link
His fate with ERIN's patriot few, to fight
For liberty or the grave! But he was now
A prisoner; yet there he stood, as firm
As though his feet were not upon the tomb:
His cheek was pale as marble, and as cold;
But his lip trembled not, and his dark eyes

Glanced proudly round. But when they bared his
breast
For the death-shot, and took a portrait thence,
He clenched his hands, and gasped, and one deep sob
Of agony burst from him; and he hid
His face awhile—his mother's look was there.
He could not steel his soul when he recalled
The bitterness of her despair. It passed—
That moment of wild anguish; he knelt down;
That sunbeam shed its glory over one,
Young, proud, and brave, nerved in deep energy;
The next fell over cold and bloody clay. . . .

There is a deep-voiced sound from yonder vale
Which ill accords with the sweet music made
By the light birds nestling by those green elms;

And, a strange contrast to the blossomed thorns,
Dark plumes are waving, and a silent hearse
Is winding through that lane. They told it bore
A widow, who died of a broken heart:
Her child, her soul's last treasure,—he had been
Shot for desertion!

GLADESMUIR.

"There is no home like the home of our infancy, no remembrances like those of our youth; the old trees whose topmost boughs we have climbed, the hedge containing that prize a bird's nest, the fairy tale we heard by the fireside, are things of deep and serious interest in maturity. The heart, crushed or hardened by its intercourse with the world, turns with affectionate delight to its early dreams. How I pity those whose childhood has been unhappy! to them one of the sweetest springs of feeling has been utterly denied, the most green and beautiful part of life laid waste. But to those whose spring has been what spring should ever be, fresh, buoyant, and gladsome, whose cup has not been poisoned at the first draught, how delicious is recollection! they truly know the pleasures of memory."

THERE is not
A valley of more quiet happiness,
Bosomed in greener trees, or with a river
Clearer than thine, GLADESMUIR! There are huge
hills

Like barriers by thy side, where the tall pine
Stands stately as a warrior in his prime,
Mixed with low gnarled oaks, whose yellow leaves
Are bound with ruby tendrils, emerald shoots,
And the wild blossoms of the honeysuckle;
And even more impervious grows the brier,
Covered with thorns and roses, mingled like
Pleasures and pains, but shedding richly forth
Its fragrance on the air; and by its side
The wilding broom as sweet, which gracefully
Flings its long tresses like a maiden's hair
Waving in yellow beauty. The red deer
Crouches in safety in its secret lair;
The sapphire, bird's-eye, and blue violets,
Mix with white daises in the grass beneath;
And in the boughs above the woodlark builds,

And makes sweet music to the morning; while
All day the stock-dove's melancholy notes
Wail plaintively—the only sounds beside
The hum of the wild bees around some trunk
Of an old moss-clad oak, in which is reared
Their honey palace. Where the forest ends,
Stretches a wide brown heath, till the blue sky
Becomes its boundary; there the only growth
Are straggling thickets of the white-flowered thorn
And yellow furze: beyond are the grass-fields,
And of yet fresher verdure the young wheat;—
These border round the village. The bright river
Bounds like an arrow by, bouyant as youth
Rejoicing in its strength. On the left side,
Half hidden by the aged trees that time
Has spared as honouring their sanctity,

The old grey church is seen: its mossy walls
And ivy-covered windows tell how long
It has been sacred. There is a lone path
Winding beside yon hill: no neighb'ring height
Commands so wide a view; the ancient spire,
The cottages, their gardens, and the heath,
Spread far beyond, are in the prospect seen
By glimpses as the greenwood screen gives way.
One is now tracing it, who gazes round
As each look were his last. The anxious gasp
That drinks the air as every breath brought health;
The hurried step, yet lingering at times,
As fearful all it felt were but a dream—
How much they tell of deep and inward feeling!
That stranger is worn down with toil and pain,
His sinewy frame is wasted, and his brow

Is darkened with long suffering; yet he is
Oh more than happy!—he has reached his home,
And RONALD is a wanderer no more.
How often in that fair romantic land
Where he had been a soldier, he had turned
From the rich groves of SPAIN, to think upon
The oak and pine; turned from the spicy air,
To sicken for his own fresh mountain-breeze;
And loved the night, for then familiar things,
The moon and stars, were visible, and looked
As they had always done, and shed sweet tears
To think that he might see them shine again
Over his own GLADESMUIR! That silver moon,
In all her perfect beauty, is now rising;
The purple billows of the west have yet
A shadowy glory; all beside is calm,

And tender and serene—a quiet light,
Which suited well the melancholy joy
Of RONALD's heart. At every step the light
Played o'er some old remembrance; now the ray
Dimpled the crystal river; now the church
Had all its windows glittering from beneath
The curtaining ivy. Near and more near he drew—
His heart beat quick, for the next step will be
Upon his father's threshold! But he paused—
He heard a sweet and sacred sound—they joined
In the accustomed psalm, and then they said
The words of GOD, and, last of all, a prayer
More solemn, and more touching. He could hear
Low sobs as it was uttered. They did pray
His safety, his return, his happiness;
And ere they ended he was in their arms!

The wind rose up, and o'er the calm blue sky
The tempest gathered, and the heavy rain
Beat on the casement; but they pressed them round
The blazing hearth, and sat while RONALD spoke
Of the fierce battle; and all answered him
With wonder, and with telling how they wept
During his absence, how they numbered o'er
The days for his return. Thrice hallowed shrine
Of the heart's intercourse, our own fireside!
I do remember in my early youth
I parted from its circle; how I pined
With happy recollections—they to me
Were sickness and deep sorrow; how I thought
Of the strange tale, the laugh, the gentle smile
Breathing of love, that wiled the night away.
The hour of absence past, I was again

With those who loved me. What a beauty dwelt
In each accustomed face! what music hung
On each familiar voice! We circled in
Our meeting ring of happiness. If e'er
This life has bliss, I knew and felt it then!

But there was one RONALD remembered not,
Yet 'twas a creature beautiful as Hope,
With eyes blue as the harebell when the dew
Sparkles upon its azure leaves; a cheek
Fresh as a mountain-rose, but delicate
As rainbow colours, and as changeful too.
"The orphan ELLEN, have you then forgot
"Your laughing playmate?" RONALD would have
clasped
The maiden to his heart, but she shrank back:

A crimson blush and tearful lids belied
Her light tone, as she bade him not forget
So soon his former friends. But the next morn
Were other tears than those sweet ones that come
Of the full heart's o'erflowings. He was given,
The loved, the wanderer, to their prayers at last;
But he was now so changed, there was no trace
Left of his former self; the glow of health,
Of youth, was gone, and in his sallow cheek
And faded eye decay sat visible;—
All felt that he was sinking to the grave.
He wandered like a ghost around; would lean,
For hours, and watch the river; or would lie
Beneath some aged tree, and hear the birds
Singing so cheerfully; and with faint step
Would sometimes try the mountain side. He loved

To look upon the setting sun, and mark
The twilight's dim approach. He said he was
Most happy that all through his life one wish
Had still been present to his soul—the wish
That he might breathe his native air again;—
That prayer was granted, for he died at home.

One wept for him when other eyes were dry,
Treasured his name in silence and in tears,
Till her young heart's impassioned solitude
Was filled but with his image. She had soothed
And watched his last few hours—but he was gone!
The grave to her was now the goal of hope:
She passed, but gently as the rose leaves fall
Scattered by the spring gales. Two months had fled
Since RONALD died; they threw the summer flowers

Upon his sod, and ere those leaves were tinged
With autumn's yellow colours, they were twined
For the poor ELLEN's death-wreaths! . . .
They made her grave by RONALD's.

THE MINSTREL OF PORTUGAL.

Their path had been a troubled one, each step
Had trod 'mid thorns and springs of bitterness;
But they had fled away from the cold world,
And found, in a fair valley, solitude
And happiness in themselves. They oft would rove
Through the dark forests when the golden light
Of evening was upon the oak, or catch
The first wild breath of morning on the hill,
And in the hot noon seek some greenwood shade,
Filled with the music of the birds, the leaves,
Or the descending waters' distant song.
And that young maiden hung delightedly
Upon her minstrel lover's words, when he
Breathed some old melancholy verse, or told
Love's ever-varying histories; and her smile
Thanked him so tenderly, that he forgot
Or thought of but to scorn the flatteries
He was so proud of once. I need not say
How happy his sweet mistress was.---Oh, all
Know love is woman's happiness!

Come, love! we 'll rest us from our wanderings:
The violets are fresh among the moss,
The dew is not yet on their purple leaves,

Warm with the sun's last kiss—sit here, dear love!
This chesnut be our canopy. Look up
Towards the beautiful heaven! the fair moon
Is shining timidly, like a young queen
Who fears to claim her full authority:
The stars shine in her presence; o'er the sky
A few light clouds are wandering, like the fears
That even happy love must know; the air
Is full of perfume and most musical,
Although no other sounds are on the gale
Than the soft falling of the mountain rill,
Or waving of the leaves. 'Tis just the time
For legend of romance, and, dearest! now
I have one framed for thee: it is of love,
Most perfect love, and of a faithful heart
That was a sacrifice upon the shrine

Itself had reared! I will begin it now,
Like an old tale:—There was a princess once,
More beautiful than spring, when the warm look
Of summer calls the blush upon her cheek,
The matchless ISABEL of PORTUGAL.
She moved in beauty, and where'er she went
Some heart did homage to her loveliness.
But there was one—a youth of lowly birth—
Who worshipped her!—I have heard many say
Love lives on hope; they knew not what they said:
Hope is Love's happiness, but not its life;—
How many hearts have nourished a vain flame
In silence and in secret, though they knew
They fed the scorching fire that would consume
them!
Young JUAN loved in veriest hopelessness!—

He saw the lady once at matin time,—
Saw her when bent in meek humility
Before the altar; she was then unveiled,
And JUAN gazed upon the face which was
Thenceforth the world to him! Awhile he looked
Upon the white hands clasped gracefully;
The rose-bud lips, moving in silent prayer;
The raven hair, that hung as a dark cloud
On the white brow of morning! She arose,
And as she moved, her slender figure waved
Like the light cypress, when the breeze of spring
Wakes music in its boughs. As JUAN knelt
It chanced her eyes met his, and all his soul
Maddened in that slight glance! She left the place;
Yet still her shape seemed visible, and still
He felt the light through the long eyelash steal

And melt within his heart! . . . .
From that time life was one impassioned dream:
He lingered on the spot which she had made
So sacred by her presence, and he thought
It happiness to only breathe the air
Her sigh had perfumed—but to press the floor
Her faëry step had hallowed. He renounced
All projects of ambition, joyed no more
In pleasures of his age, but like a ghost,
Confined to one peculiar spot, he strayed
Where first he saw the princess; and the court
Through which she passed to matins, now became
To him a home; and either he recalled
Fondly her every look, or else embalmed
Her name in wild, sweet song. . . . ,
His love grew blazed abroad—a poet's love

Is immortality! The heart whose beat
Is echoed by the lyre, will have its griefs,
Its tenderness, remembered, when each pulse
Has long been cold and still. Some pitied him,
And others marvelled, half in mockery;
They little knew what pride love ever has
In self-devotedness. The princess heard
Of her pale lover; but none ever knew
Her secret thoughts: she heard it silently.
It could not be but woman's heart must feel
Such fond and faithful homage!—But some deemed
Even such timid worship was not meet
For royalty. They bade the youth depart,
And the king sent him gold; he turned away,
And would not look upon the glittering treasure—
And then they banished him! He heard them say

He was an exile with a ghastly smile,
And murmured not—but rose and left the city.
He went on silently, until he came
To where a little hill rose, covered o'er
With lemon shrubs and golden oranges:
The windows of the palace where she dwelt—
His so loved Isabel—o'erlooked the place.
There was some gorgeous fête there, for the light
Streamed through the lattices, and a far sound
Of lute, and dance, and song, came echoing.
The wanderer hid his face; but from his brow
His hands fell powerless! Some gathered round
And raised him from the ground: his eyes were
closed,
His lip and cheek were colourless;—they told
His heart was broken! . . . .

His princess never knew an earthly love:
She vowed herself to Heaven, and she died young!
The evening of her death, a strange, sweet sound
Of music came, delicious as a dream:
With that her spirit parted from this earth.
Many remembered that it was the hour
Her humble lover perished!

THE

BASQUE GIRL AND HENRI QUATRE.

Love! summer flower, how soon thou art decayed!
Opening amid a paradise of sweets,
Dying with withered leaves and cankered stem!
The very memory of thy happiness
Departed with thy beauty; breath and bloom
Gone, and the trusting heart which thou hadst made
So green, so lovely, for thy dwelling-place,
Left but a desolation.

'Twas one of those sweet spots which seem just made
For lovers' meeting, or for minstrel haunt;
The maiden's blush would look so beautiful
By those white roses, and the poet's dream
Would be so soothing, lulled by the low notes
The birds sing to the leaves, whose soft reply

Is murmured by the wind: the grass beneath
Is full of wild flowers, and the cypress boughs
Have twined o'er head, graceful and close as love.
The sun is shining cheerfully, though scarce
His rays may pierce through the dim shade, yet still
Some golden hues are glancing o'er the trees,
And the blue flood is gliding by, as bright
As Hope's first smile. All, lingering, stayed to gaze
Upon this Eden of the painter's art,
And, looking on its lòveliness, forgot
The crowded world around them!—But a spell
Stronger than the green landscape fixed the eye—
The spell of woman's beauty!—By a beech
Whose long dark shadow fell upon the stream,
There stood a radiant girl!—her chesnut hair—
One bright gold tint was on it—loosely fell

In large rich curls upon a neck whose snow
And grace were like the swan's; she wore the garb
Of her own village, and her small white feet
And slender ancles, delicate as carved
From Indian ivory, were bare,—the turf
Seemed scarce to feel their pressure. There she
stood!
Her head leant on her arm, the beech's trunk
Supporting her slight figure, and one hand
Prest to her heart, as if to still its throbs!—
You never might forget that face,—so young,
So fair, yet traced with such deep characters
Of inward wretchedness! The eyes were dim,
With tears on the dark lashes; still the lip
Could not quite lose its own accustomed smile,
Even by that pale cheek it kept its arch

And tender playfulness: you looked and said,
What can have shadowed such a sunny brow?
There is so much of natural happiness
In that bright countenance, it seems but formed
For spring's light sunbeams or yet lighter dews.
You turned away—then came—and looked again,
Watching the pale and silent loveliness,
Till even sleep was haunted by that image.
There was a severed chain upon the ground—
Ah! love is even more fragile than its gifts!
A tress of raven hair:—oh! only those
Whose souls have felt this one idolatry,
Can tell how precious is the slightest thing
Affection gives and hallows! A dead flower
Will long be kept, remembrancer of looks
That made each leaf a treasure. And the tree

Had two slight words graven upon its stem—
The broken heart's last record of its faith—
"ADIEU, HENRI!" . . . . .
. . . I learnt the history of the lovely picture:
It was a peasant girl's, whose soul was given
To one as far above her as the pine
Towers o'er the lowly violet: yet still
She loved, and was beloved again—ere yet
The many trammels of the world were flung
Around a heart whose first and latest pulse
Throbbed but for beauty: him, the young, the brave,
Chivalrous prince, whose name in after-years
A nation was to worship—that young heart
Beat with its first wild passion—that pure feeling
Life only once may know. I will not dwell
On how Affection's bark was launched and lost:—

Love, thou hast hopes like summers short and bright,
Moments of ecstasy, and maddening dreams,
Intense, delicious throbs! But happiness
Is not for thee. If ever thou hast known
Quiet, yet deep enjoyment, 'tis or ere
Thy presence is confessed; but, once revealed,
We bow us down in passionate devotion
Vowed to thy altar, then the serpents wake
That coil around thy votaries—hopes that make
Fears burning arrows—lingering jealousy,
And last, worst poison of thy cup—neglect! . . .
. . . It matters little how she was forgotten,
Or what she felt—a woman can but weep.
She prayed her lover but to say farewell—
To meet her by the river where such hours
Of happiness had passed, and said she knew

How much she was beneath him; but she prayed
That he would look upon her face once more!
. . . He sought the spot—upon the beechen tree
"ADIEU, HENRI!" was graven, and his heart
Felt cold within him! He turned to the wave,
And there the beautiful peasant floated—Death
Had sealed Love's sacrifice!

THE SAILOR.

Oh! gloriously upon the deep
  The gallant vessel rides,
And she is mistress of the winds,
  And mistress of the tides.

And never but for her tall ships
  Had England been so proud;
Or before the might of the Island Queen
  The kings of the earth had bowed.

But, alas! for the widow and orphan's tear,
  When the death-flag sweeps the wave;
Alas! that the laurel of victory
  Must grow but upon the grave!

An aged widow with one only child,
And even he was far away at sea:
Narrow and mean the street wherein she dwelt,
And low and small the room; but still it had

A look of comfort; on the white-washed walls
Were ranged her many ocean-treasures—shells,
Some like the snow, and some pink, with a blush
Caught from the sunset on the waters; plumes
From the bright pinions of the Indian birds;
Long dark sea-weeds, and black and crimson berries,
Were treasured with the treasuring of the heart.
Her sailor brought them, when from his first voyage
He came so sunburnt and so tall, she scarce
Knew her fair stripling in that manly youth,
Like a memorial of far better days,
The large old Bible, with its silver clasps,
Lay on the table; and a fragrant air
Came from the window: there stood a rose-tree—
Lonely, but of luxuriant growth, and rich
With thousand buds and beautifully blown flowers:

It was a slip from that which grew beside
The cottage, once her own, which ever drew
Praise from each passer down the shadowy lane
Where her home stood—the home where yet she
thought
To end her days in peace: that was the hope
That made life pleasant, and it had been fed
By the so ardent spirits of her boy,
Who said that God would bless the efforts made
For his old mother.—Like a holiday
Each Sunday came, for then her patient way
She took to the white church of her own village,
A long five miles; and many marvelled one
So aged, so feeble, still should seek that church.
They knew not how delicious the fresh air,
How fair the green leaves and the fields, how glad

The sunshine of the country, to the eyes
That looked so seldom on them. She would sit
Long after service on a grave, and watch
The cattle as they grazed, the yellow corn,
The lane where yet her home might be; and then
Return with lightened heart to her dull street,
Refreshed with hope and pleasant memories,—
Listen with anxious ear to the conch shell,
Wherein they say the rolling of the sea
Is heard distinct, pray for her absent child,
Bless him, then dream of him. . . .

A shout awoke the sleeping town, the night
Rang with the fleet's return and victory!
Men that were slumbering quietly rose up
And joined the shout; the windows gleamed with
lights,

The bells rang forth rejoicingly, the paths
Were filled with people: even the lone street,
Where the poor widow dwelt, was roused, and sleep
Was thought upon no more that night. Next day—
A bright and sunny day it was—high flags
Waved from each steeple, and green boughs were hung
In the gay market-place; music was heard,
Bands that struck up in triumph; and the sea
Was covered with proud vessels; and the boats
Went to and fro the shore, and waving hands
Beckoned from crowded decks to the glad strand
Where the wife waited for her husband,—maids
Threw the bright curls back from their glistening eyes
And looked their best,—and as the splashing oar
Brought dear ones to the land, how every voice
Grew musical with happiness! And there

Stood that old widow woman with the rest,
Watching the ship wherein had sailed her son.
A boat came from that vessel,—heavily
It toiled upon the waters, and the oars
Were dipped in slowly. As it neared the beach,
A moaning sound came from it, and a groan
Burst from the lips of all the anxious there,
When they looked on each ghastly countenance,
For that lone boat was filled with wounded men,
Bearing them to the hospital,—and then
That aged woman saw her son. She prayed,
And gained her prayer, that she might be his nurse,
And take him home. He lived for many days.
It soothed him so to hear his mother's voice,
To breathe the fragrant air sent from the roses—
The roses that were gathered one by one

For him by his fond parent nurse; the last
Was placed upon his pillow, and that night,
That very night, he died! And he was laid
In the same church-yard where his father lay,—
Through which his mother as a bride had passed.
The grave was closed; but still the widow sat
Upon a sod beside, and silently
(Hers was not grief that words had comfort for)
The funeral train passed on, and she was left
Alone amid the tombs; but once she looked
Towards the shadowy lane, then turned again,
As desolate and sick at heart, to where
Her help, her hope, her child, lay dead together!
She went home to her lonely room. Next morn
Some entered it, and there she sat,
Her white hair hanging o'er the withered hands

On which her pale face leant; the Bible lay
Open beside, but blistered were the leaves
With two or three large tears, which had dried in.
Oh, happy she had not survived her child!
And many pitied her, for she had spent
Her little savings, and she had no friends;
But strangers made her grave in that church-yard,
And where her sailor slept, there slept his mother!

THE COVENANTERS.

Mine home is but a blackened heap
  In the midst of a lonesome wild,
And the owl and the bat may their night-watch keep
  Where human faces smiled.

I rocked the cradle of seven fair sons,
  And I worked for their infancy;
But, when like a child in mine own old age,
  There are none to work for me!

NEVER! I will not know another home.
Ten summers have passed on, with their blue skies,
Green leaves, and singing-birds, and sun-kissed fruit,
Since here I first took up my last abode,—
And here my bones shall rest. You say it is
A home for beasts, and not for humankind,
This bleak shed and bare rock, and that the vale
Below is beautiful. I know the time

When it looked very beautiful to me!
Do you see that bare spot, where one old oak
Stands black and leafless, as if scorched by fire,
While round it the ground seems as if a curse
Were laid upon the soil? Once by that tree,
Then covered with its leaves and acorn crop,
A little cottage stood: 'twas very small,
But had an air of health and peace. The roof
Was every morning vocal with the song
Of the rejoicing swallows, whose warm nest
Was built in safety underneath the thatch;
A honeysuckle on the sunny side
Hung round the lattices its fragrant trumpets.
Around was a small garden: fruit and herbs
Were there in comely plenty; and some flowers,
Heath from the mountains, and the wilding bush

Gemm'd with red roses, and white apple blossoms,
Were food for the two hives, whence all day long
There came a music like the pleasant sound
Of lulling waters. And at even-tide
It was a goodly sight to see around
Bright eyes, and faces lighted up with health,
And youth, and happiness: these were my children,
That cottage was mine home. . . .

There came a shadow o'er the land, and men
Were hunted by their fellow men like beasts,
And the sweet feelings of humanity
Were utterly forgotten; the white head,
Darkened with blood and dust, was often laid
Upon the murdered infant, for the sword
Of pride and cruelty was sent to slay

Those who in age would not forego the faith
They had grown up in. I was one of these:
How could I close the Bible I had read
Beside my dying mother, which had given
To me and mine such comfort? But the hand
Of the oppressor smote us. There were shrieks,
And naked swords, and faces dark as guilt,
A rush of feet, a bursting forth of flame,
Curses, and crashing boards, and infant words
Praying for mercy, and then childish screams
Of fear and pain. There were these the last night
The white walls of my cottage stood; they bound
And flung me down beside the oak, to watch
How the red fire gathered, like that of hell.
There sprang one to the lattice, and leant forth,
Gasping for the fresh air,—my own fair girl!

My only one! The vision haunts me still:
The white arms raised to Heaven, and the long hair,
Bright as the light beside it, stiff on the head
Upright, from terror. In th' accursed glare
We knew each other; and I heard a cry
Half tenderness, half agony,—a crash,—
The roof fell in,—I saw my child no more!
A cloud closed round me, a deep thunder-cloud,
Half darkness and half fire. At length sense came,
With a rememb'ring, like that which a dream
Leaves, of vague horrors; but the heavy chain,
The loathsome straw which was mine only bed,
The sickly light through the dim bars, the damp,
The silence, were realities; and then
I lay on the cold stones, and wept aloud,
And prayed the fever to return again,

And bring death with it. Yet did I escape,—
Again I drank the fresh blue air of heaven,
And felt the sunshine laugh upon my brow;
I thought then I would seek my desolate home,
And die where it had been. I reached the place:
The ground was bare and scorched, and in the midst
Was a black heap of ashes. Franticly
I groped amid them, ever and anon
Meeting some human fragment, skulls and bones
Shapeless and cinders, till I drew a curl,
A long and beautiful curl of sunny hair,
Stainless and golden, as but then just severed,
A love-gift from the head:—I knew the hair—
It was my daughter's! There I stood, and howled
Curses upon that night. There came a voice,
There came a gentle step;—even on that heap

Of blood and ashes did I kneel, and pour
To the great God my gratitude! That curl
Was wet with tears of happiness; that step,
That voice, were sweet familiar ones,—one child,
My eldest son, was sent me from the grave!
That night he had escaped. . . . .

We left the desolate valley, and we went
Together to the mountains and the woods,
And there inhabited in love and peace,
Till a strong spirit came upon men's hearts,
And roused them to avenge their many wrongs.
Yet stood they not in battle, and the arm
Of the oppressor was at first too mighty.
Albeit I have lived to see their bonds
Rent like burnt flax, yet much of blood was spilt

Or ever the deliverance was accomplished,
We fled in the dark night. At length the moon
Rose on the midnight,—when I saw the face
Of my last child was ghastly white, and set
In the death-agony, and from his side
The life-blood came like tears; and then I prayed
That he would rest, and let me stanch the wound.
He motioned me to fly, and then lay down
Upon the rock and died! This is his grave,
His home and mine. Ask ye now why I dwell
Upon the rock, and loathe the vale beneath?

FRAGMENTS.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

AND the muffled drum rolled on the air,
Warriors with stately step were there;
On every arm was the black crape bound,
Every carbine was turned to the ground:
Solemn the sound of their measured tread,
As silent and slow they followed the dead.
The riderless horse was led in the rear,
There were white plumes waving over the bier;
Helmet and sword were laid on the pall,
For it was a soldier's funeral.

That soldier had stood on the battle-plain,
Where every step was over the slain;
But the brand and the ball had passed him by,
And he came to his native land to die.
'Twas hard to come to that native land,
And not clasp one familiar hand!
'Twas hard to be numbered amid the dead,
Or ere he could hear his welcome said!
But 'twas something to see its cliffs once more,
And to lay his bones on his own loved shore;
To think that the friends of his youth might weep
O'er the green grass turf of the soldier's sleep.

The bugles ceased their wailing sound
As the coffin was lowered into the ground;
A volley was fired, a blessing said,
One moment's pause—and they left the dead!—

I saw a poor and an aged man,
His step was feeble, his lip was wan:
He knelt him down on the new-raised mound,
His face was bowed on the cold damp ground,
He raised his head, his tears were done,—
The father had prayed o'er his only son!

LINES

WRITTEN UNDER A PICTURE OF A GIRL BURNING A LOVE LETTER.

The lines were filled with many a tender thing,
All the impassioned heart's fond communing.

I TOOK the scroll: I could not brook
An eye to gaze on it save mine;
I could not bear another's look
Should dwell upon one thought of thine.
My lamp was burning by my side,
I held thy letter to the flame,
I marked the blaze swift o'er it glide,
It did not even sparet hy name.

Soon the light from the embers past,
  I felt so sad to see it die,—
So bright at first, so dark at last,
  I feared it was love's history.

ARION.

A TALE.

The winds are high, the clouds are dark,
But stay not thou for storm, my bark;
What is the song of love to me,
Unheard, my sweet Eglæ, by thee?
Fair lips may smile, and eyes may shine;
But lip nor eye will be like thine,
And every blush that mantles here
But images one more bright and more dear.
My spirit of song is languid and dead,
If not at thine altar of beauty fed.

Again I must listen thy gentle tone,
And make its echo in music my own;
Again I must look on thy smile divine,
Again I must see the red flowers twine
Around my harp, enwreathed by thine hand,
And waken its chords at my love's command.—
I have dwelt in a distant but lovely place,
And worshipped many a radiant face;
And sipped the flowers from the purple wine,
But they were not so sweet as one kiss of thine.
I have wandered o'er land, I have wandered o'er sea,
But my heart has ne'er wandered, EGLÆ, from thee.—
And, GREECE, my own, my glorious land!
I will take no laurel but from thy hand.
What is the light of a poet's name,
If it is not his country that hallows his fame?

Where may he look for guerdon so fair
As the honour and praise that await him there?
His name will be lost and his grave forgot,
If the tears of his country preserve them not! . . .
. . . . He laid him on the deck to sleep,
And pleasant was his rest, and deep;
He heard familiar voices speak,
He felt his love's breath on his cheek;
He looked upon his own blue skies,
He saw his native temples rise:
Even in dreams he wept to see
What he had loved so tenderly.
The sailors looked within the hold,
And envied him his shining gold:
They waked him, bade him mark the wave,
And said 'twas for ARION's grave!

He watched each dark face that appeared,
And saw each heart with gold was seared,
Then roused his spirit's energy,
And stood prepared in pride to die!
He cast one look upon his lyre—
He felt his heart and hand on fire,
And prayed the slaves to let him pour
His spirit in its song once more!
He sung,—the notes at first were low,
Like the whispers of love, or the breathings of woe:
The waters were hushed, and the winds were stayed,
As he sang his farewell to his Lesbian maid!
Even his murderers paused and wept,
But looked on the gold and their purpose kept.
More proudly he swept the chords along,
'Twas the stirring burst of a battle song—

And with the last close of his martial strain
He plunged with his lyre in the deep blue main!
. . . The tempest has burst from its blackened
dwelling,
The lightning is flashing, the waters are swelling
In mountains crested with foam and with froth,
And the wind has rushed like a giant forth;
The deck is all spray, the mast is shattered,
The sails, like the leaves in the autumn, are scattered;
The mariner's pale with fear, for a grave
Is in the dark bosom of every wave.
The billows rushed—one fearful cry
Is heard of human agony!
Another swell—no trace is seen
Of what upon its breast has been! . . . .
But who is he, who o'er the sea
Rides like a god, triumphantly,

Upon a dolphin? All is calm
Around—the air he breathes is balm,
And quiet as beneath the sky
Of his own flowery Arcady;
And all grows peaceful, as he rides
His dolphin through the glassy tides;
And ever as he music drew
From his sweet harp, a brightening hue,
Like rainbow tints, a gentle bound,
Told how the creature loved the sound.
Arion, some god has watched over thee,
And saved thee alike from man and the sea.
The night came on, a summer night,
With snowy clouds and soft starlight;
And glancing meteors, like the flash
Sent from a Greek girl's dark eyelash

O'er a sky as blue as her own blue eyes,
Borne by winds as perfumed and light as her sighs.
The zenith moon was shedding her light
In the silence and glory of deep midnight,
When the voice of singing was heard from afar,
Like the music that echoes a falling star;
And presently came gliding by
The Spirit of the melody:
A radiant shape, her long gold hair
Flew like a banner on the air,
Save one or two bright curls that fell
Like gems upon a neck whose swell
Rose like the dove's, when its mate's caress
Is smoothing the soft plumes in tenderness;
And one arm, white as the sea-spray,
Amid the chords of music lay.

She swept the strings, and fixed the while
Her dark eye's wild luxuriant smile
Upon ARION; and her lip,
Like the first spring rose that the bee can sip,
Curled half in the pride of its loveliness,
And half with a love-sigh's voluptuousness.

There is a voice of music swells
In the ocean's coral groves;
Sweet is the harp in the pearly cells,
Where the step of the sea-maid roves.
The angry storm when it rolls above,
At war with the foaming wave,
Is soft and low as the voice of love,
Ere it reach her sparry cave.
When the sun seeks his glorious rest,
And his beams o'er ocean fall,

The gold and the crimson, spread on the west,
Brighten her crystal hall.
The sands of amber breathe perfume,
Gemmed with pearls like tears of snow,
Around in wreaths the white sea-flowers bloom,
The waves in music flow.
Child of the lyre! is not this a spot
That would suit a minstrel well?
Then haste thee and share the sea-maid's lot,
Her love, and her spar-built cell.

Arion scarcely heard the strain,
Her song was lost, her smile was vain,
He had a charm, all charms above,
To guard his heart—the charm of love.
He floated on. The morning came,
With lip of dew and cheek of flame;

He looked upon his native shore,
His voyage, his perilous voyage is o'er.
There stood a temple by the sea,
Raised to its queen, AMPHITRITE:
ARION entered, and kneeling there
He saw a girl, like spring-day fair,
Feeding with incense the sacred flame,
And he heard her hymn, and it breathed his name.
Oh, Love! a whole life is not worth this bliss—
EGLÆ has met her ARION'S kiss!—
They raised an altar upon the sea-shore,
And every spring they covered it o'er
With fruits of the wood and flowers of the field,
And the richest perfumes that the East could yield;
And as the waves rolled, they knelt by the side,
And poured their hymn to the Queen of the Tide.

MANMADIN, THE INDIAN CUPID,

FLOATING DOWN THE GANGES.*

THERE is darkness on the sky,
And the troubled waves run high,
And the lightning flash is breaking,
And the thunder peal is waking;
Reddening meteors, strange and bright,
Cross the rainbow's timid light,
As if mingled hope and fear,
Storm and sunshine, shook the sphere.

* Camdeo, or Manmadin, the Indian Cupid, is pictured in Ackermann's pretty work on Hindostan in another form. He is riding a green parrot, his bow of sugar-cane, the cord of bees, and his arrows all sorts of flowers; but one alone is headed, and the head covered with honey-comb.

Tempest winds rush fierce along,
Bearing yet a sound of song;
Music 's on the tempest's wing,
Wafting thee, young MANMADIN!
Pillowed on a lotus flower
Gathered in a summer hour,
Rides he o'er the mountain wave
Which would be a tall ship's grave!
At his back his bow is slung,
Sugar-cane, with wild bees strung,—
Bees born with the buds of spring,
Yet with each a deadly sting;—
Grasping in his infant hand
Arrows in their silken band,
Each made of a signal flower,
Emblem of its varied power;

Some formed of the silver leaf
Of the almond, bright and brief,
Just a frail and lovely thing,
For but one hour's flourishing;
Others, on whose shaft there glows
The red beauty of the rose;
Some in spring's half-folded bloom,
Some in summer's full perfume;
Some with withered leaves and sere,
Falling with the falling year;
Some bright with the rainbow-dyes
Of the tulip's vanities;
Some, bound with the lily's bell,
Breathe of love that dares not tell
Its sweet feelings; the dark leaves
Of the esignum, which grieves

Droopingly, round some were bound;
Others were with tendrils wound
Of the green and laughing vine,—
And the barb was dipped in wine.
But all these are summer ills,
Like the tree whose stem distils
Balm beneath its pleasant shade
In the wounds its thorns have made.
Though the flowers may fade and die,
'Tis but a light penalty.
All these bloom-clad darts are meant
But for a short-lived content!
Yet one arrow has a power
Lasting till life's latest hour—
Weary day and sleepless night,
Lightning gleams of fierce delight,

Fragrant and yet poisoned sighs,
Agonies and ecstasies;
Hopes, like fires amid the gloom,
Lighting only to consume!
Happiness one hasty draught,
And the lip has venom quaffed.
Doubt, despairing, crime, and craft,
Are upon that honied shaft!
It has made the crowned king
Crouch beneath his suffering;
Made the beauty's cheek more pale
Than the foldings of her veil;
Like a child the soldier kneel
Who had mocked at flame or steel;
Bade the fires of genius turn
On their own breasts, and there burn;

A wound, a blight, a curse, a doom,
Bowing young hearts to the tomb!
Well may storm be on the sky,
And the waters roll on high,
When MANMADIN passes by.
Earth below, and heaven above,
Well may bend to thee, oh Love!

THE FEMALE CONVICT.*

She shrank from all, and her silent mood
Made her wish only for solitude:
Her eye sought the ground, as it could not brook,
For innermost shame, on another's to look;
And the cheerings of comfort fell on her ear
Like deadliest words, that were curses to hear!—
She still was young, and she had been fair;
But weather-stains, hunger, toil, and care,
That frost and fever that wear the heart,
Had made the colours of youth depart
From the sallow cheek, save over it came
The burning flush of the spirit's shame.

* Suggested by the interesting description in the Memoirs of John Nicol, mariner, quoted in the Review of the Literary Gazette.

They were sailing o'er the salt sea-foam,
Far from her country, far from her home;
And all she had left for her friends to keep
Was a name to hide, and a memory to weep!
And her future held forth but the felon's lot,
To live forsaken—to die forgot!
She could not weep, and she could not pray,
But she wasted and withered from day to day,
Till you might have counted each sunken vein
When her wrist was prest by the iron chain;
And sometimes I thought her large dark eye
Had ths glisten of red insanity.

She called me once to her sleeping-place;
A strange, wild look was upon her face,
Her eye flashed over her cheek so white,
Like a gravestone seen in the pale moonlight,

And she spoke in a low, unearthly tone—
The sound from mine ear hath never gone!
"I had last night the loveliest dream:
"My own land shone in the summer beam,
"I saw the fields of the golden grain,
"I heard the reaper's harvest-strain;
"There stood on the hills the green pine-tree,
"And the thrush and the lark sang merrily.
"A long and a weary way I had come;
"But I stopped, methought, by mine own sweet home.
"I stood by the hearth, and my father sat there,
"With pale, thin face, and snow-white hair!
"The Bible lay open upon his knee,
"But he closed the book to welcome me.
"He led me next where my mother lay,
"And together we knelt by her grave to pray,
"And heard a hymn it was heaven to hear,
"For it echoed one to my young days dear.

"This dream has waked feelings long, long since fled;
"And hopes which I deemed in my heart were dead!
"—We have not spoken, but still I have hung
"On the northern accents that dwell on thy tongue;
"To me they are music, to me they recall
"The things long hidden by Memory's pall!
"Take this long curl of yellow hair,
"And give it my father, and tell him my prayer,
"My dying prayer, was for him." . . .

Next day
Upon the deck a coffin lay;
They raised it up, and like a dirge
The heavy gale swept o'er the surge;
The corpse was cast to the wind and wave—
The convict has found in the green sea a grave.

THE PAINTER'S LOVE.

YOUR skies are blue, your sun is bright;
But sky nor sun has that sweet light
Which gleamed upon the summer sky
Of my own lovely ITALY!
'Tis long since I have breathed the air,
Which, filled with odours, floated there,—
Sometimes in sleep a gale sweeps by,
Rich with the rose and myrtle's sigh;—
'Tis long since I have seen the vine
With Autumn's topaz clusters shine;
And watched the laden branches bending,
And heard the vintage songs ascending;

'Tis very long since I have seen
The ivy's death-wreath, cold and green,
Hung round the old and broken stone
Raised by the hands now dead and gone!
I do remember one lone spot,
By most unnoticed or forgot—
Would that I too recalled it not!
It was a little temple, gray,
With half its pillars worn away,
No roof left, but one cypress-tree
Flinging its branches mournfully:
In ancient days this was a shrine
For goddess or for nymph divine.
And sometimes I have dreamed I heard
A step soft as a lover's word,
And caught a perfume on the air,
And saw a shadow gliding fair,

Dim, sad as if it came to sigh
O'er thoughts, and things, and time passed by!
On one side of the temple stood
A deep and solitary wood,
Where chesnuts reared their giant length,
And mocked the fallen columns' strength;
It was the lone wood-pigeon's home,
And flocks of them would ofttimes come,
And, lighting on the temple, pour
A cooing dirge to days no more!
And by its side there was a lake
With only snow-white swans to break,
With ebon feet and silver wing,
The quiet waters' glittering.
And when sometimes, as eve closed in,
I waked my lonely mandolin,
The gentle birds came gliding near,
As if they loved that song to hear.

'Tis past, 'tis past, my happiness
Was all too pure and passionless!
I waked from calm and pleasant dreams
To watch the morning's earliest gleams,
Wandering with light feet 'mid the dew,
Till my cheek caught its rosy hue;
And when uprose the bright-eyed moon,
I sorrowed day was done so soon;
Save that I loved the sweet starlight,
The soft, the happy sleep of night!

Time has changed since, and I have wept
The day away; and when I slept,
My sleeping eyes ceased not their tears;
And jealousies, griefs, hopes, and fears,
Even in slumber held their reign,
And gnawed my heart, and racked my brain!

Oh much,—most withering 'tis to feel
The hours like guilty creatures steal,
To wish the weary day was past,
And yet to have no hope at last!
All 's in that curse, aught else above,
That fell on me—betrayed love!

There was a stranger sought our land,
A youth, who with a painter's hand
Traced our sweet valleys and our vines,
The moonlight on the ruined shrines,
And now and then the brow of pearl
And black eyes of the peasant girl:
We met and loved—ah! even now
My pulse throbs to recall that vow
Our first kiss sealed, we stood beneath
The cypress-tree's funereal wreath,

That temple's roof. But what thought I
Of aught like evil augury!
I only felt his burning sighs,
I only looked within his eyes,
I saw no dooming star above,
There is such happiness in love!
I left, with him, my native shore,
Not as a bride who passes o'er
Her father's threshold with his blessing,
With flowers strewn and friends caressing,
Kind words, and purest hopes to cheer
The bashfulness of maiden fear;
But I—I fled as culprits fly,
By night, watched only by one eye
Whose look was all the world to me,
And it met mine so tenderly,
I thought not of the days to come,
I thought not of my own sweet home,

Nor of mine aged father's sorrow,—
Wild love takes no thought for to-morrow.
I left my home, and I was left
A stranger in his land, bereft
Of even hope; there was not one
Familiar face to look upon.—
Their speech was strange. This penalty
Was meet; but surely not from thee,
False love!—'twas not for thee to break
The heart but sullied for thy sake!—

I could have wished once more to see
Thy green hills, loveliest ITALY!
I could have wished yet to have hung
Upon the music of thy tongue;
I could have wished thy flowers to bloom—
Thy cypress planted by my tomb!

This wish is vain, my grave must be
Far distant from my own country!
I must rest here.—Oh lay me then
By the white church in yonder glen;
Amid the darkening elms, it seems,
Thus silvered over by the beams
Of the pale moon, a very shrine
For wounded hearts—it shall be mine!
There is one corner, green and lone,
A dark yew over it has thrown
Long, night-like boughs; 'tis thickly set
With primrose and with violet.
Their bloom 's now past; but in the spring
They will be sweet and glistening.
There is a bird, too, of your clime,
That sings there in the winter time;

My funeral hymn his song will be,
Which there are none to chant, save he.
And let there be memorial none,
No name upon the cold white stone:
The only heart where I would be
Remembered, is now dead to me!
I would not even have him weep
O'er his Italian love's last sleep.
Oh, tears are a most worthless token
When hearts they would have soothed are broken!

INEZ.

Alas! that clouds should ever steal
  O'er Love's delicious sky;
That ever Love's sweet lip should feel
  Aught but the gentlest sigh!

Love is a pearl of purest hue,
  But stormy waves are round it;
And dearly may a woman rue
  The hour that first she found it!

THE lips that breathed this song were fair
As those the rose-touched Houries wear,
And dimpled by a smile, whose spell
Not even sighs could quite dispel;
And eyes of that dark azure light
Seen only at the deep midnight;

A cheek, whose crimson hues seemed caught
From the first tint by April brought
To the peach-bud; and clouds of curl
Over a brow of blue-veined pearl,
Falling like sunlight, just one shade
Of chesnut on its golden braid.
Is she not all too fair to weep?
Those young eyes should be closed in sleep,
Dreaming those dreams the moonlight brings,
When the dew falls and the nightingale sings:
Dreams of a word, of a look, of a sigh,
Till the cheek burns and the heart beats high.
But INEZ sits and weeps in her bower,
Pale as the gleam on the white orange-flower,
And counting the wearying moments o'er
For his return, who returns no more!

There was a time—a time of bliss,—
When to have met his Inez' kiss,
To but look in her deep-blue eye,
To breathe the air sweet with her sigh,
Young Juan would have urged his steed
With the lightning of a lover's speed,—
Ere she should have shed one single tear,
He had courted danger, and smiled at fear;
But he had parted in high disdain,
And sworn to dash from his heart the chain
Of one who, he said, was too light to be
Holy and pure in her constancy.
Alas! that woman, not content
With her peculiar element
Of gentle love, should ever try
The meteor spells of vanity!

Her world should be of love alone,
Of one fond heart, and only one.
For heartless flattery, and sighs
And looks false as the rainbow's dyes,
Are very worthless. And that morn
Had JUAN from his INEZ borne
All woman's prettiness of scorn;
Had watched for her averted eye
In vain,—had seen a rival nigh
And smiled upon: he wildly swore
To look on the false one no more,
Who thus could trifle, thus could break
A fond heart for the triumph's sake.—
And yet she loved him,—oh! how well,
Let woman's own fond spirit tell.
When the warriors met in their high career,
Went not her heart along with his spear?

The dance seemed sad, and the festival dim,
If her hand was unclaimed by him;
Waked she her lute, if it breathed not his name?
Lay she in dreams, but some thought of him came?
No flowers, no smiles, were on life's dull tide,
When JUAN was not by his INEZ' side.
And yet they parted! Still there clings
An earth-stain to the fairest things;
And love, that most delicious gift
Upon life's shrine of sorrow left,
Has its own share of suffering:
A shade falls from its radiant wing,
A spot steals o'er its sunny brow,
Fades the rose-lip's witching glow.
'Tis well,—for earth were too like heaven,
If length of life to love were given.

He has left the land of the chesnut and lime
For the cedar and rose of a southern clime,
With a pilgrim's vow and a soldier's brand,
To fight in the wars of the Holy Land.
No colours are placed on his helm beside,
No lady's scarf o'er his neck is tied,
A dark plume alone does young Juan wear:—
Look where warriors are thickest, that plume will be
there.
But what has fame to do with one
Whose light and hope of fame are gone?
Oh, fame is as the moon above,
Whose sun of light and life is love.
There is more in the smile of one gentle eye
Than the thousand pages of history;

There is more in the spell of one slight gaze,
Than the loudest plaudits the crowd can raise.
Take the gems in glory's coronal,
And one smile of beauty is worth them all.

He was not lonely quite,—a shade,
A dream, a fancy, round him played;
Sometimes low, at the twilight hour,
He heard a voice like that whose power
Was on his heart: it sang a strain
Of those whose love was fond, yet vain:
Sweet like a dream,—yet none might say
Whose was the voice, or whose the lay.
And once, when worn with toil and care,
All that the soldier has to bear,

With none to soothe and none to bless
His hour of sickly loneliness,
When, waked to consciousness again,
The fire gone from his heart and brain,
He could remember some fair thing
Around his pillow hovering;
Of white arms in whose clasp he slept;
Of young blue eyes that o'er him wept;
How, when on the parched lip and brow
Burnt the red fever's hottest glow,
Some one had brought dew of the spring,
With woman's own kind solacing.
And he had heard a voice, whose thrill
Was echoed by his bosom still.
It was not hers—it could but be
A dream, the fever's fantasie. . . .

Deadly has been the fight to-day;
But now the infidels give way,
And cimetar and turbaned band
Scatter before the foeman's hand;
And in the rear, with sword and spur,
Follows the christian conqueror.
And one dark chief rides first of all—
A warrior at his festival—
Chasing his prey, till none are near
To aid the single soldier's spear,
Save one slight boy. Of those who flew,
Three turn, the combat to renew:
They fly, but death is on the field—
That page's breast was JUAN's shield.
He bore the boy where, in the shade
Of the green palm, a fountain made

Its pleasant music; tenderly
He laid his head upon his knee,
And from the dented helm unrolled
The blood-stained curls of summer gold.
Knew he not then those deep-blue eyes,
That lip of rose, and smiles, and sighs?
His Inez!—his!—could this be her,—
Thus for his sake a wanderer!—
He spoke not—moved not—but sate there,
A statue in his cold despair,
Watching the lip and cheek decay,
As faded life's last hue away,
While she lay sweet and motionless,
As only faint with happiness.
At length she spoke, in that sweet tone
Woman and love have for their own:

"This is what I have prayed might be—
"Has death not sealed my truth to thee?" . . .

A cypress springs by yonder grave,
And music from the fountain wave
Sings its low dirge to the pale rose
That, near, in lonely beauty blows.
Two lovers sleep beneath. Oh, sweet,
Even in the grave, it is to meet;
Sweet even the death-couch of stone,
When shared with some beloved one;
And sweeter than life the silent rest
Of Inez on her Juan's breast.

THE OAK.

. . . It is the last survivor of a race
Strong in their forest-pride when I was young.
I can remember when, for miles around,
In place of those smooth meadows and corn-fields,
There stood ten thousand tall and stately trees,
Such as had braved the winds of March, the bolt
Sent by the summer lightning, and the snow
Heaping for weeks their boughs. Even in the depth
Of hot July the glades were cool; the grass,
Yellow and parched elsewhere, grew long and fresh,
Shading wild strawberries and violets,
Or the lark's nest; and overhead the dove

Had her lone dwelling, paying for her home
With melancholy songs; and scarce a beech
Was there without a honeysuckle linked
Around, with its red tendrils and pink flowers;
Or girdled by a brier rose, whose buds
Yield fragrant harvest for the honey-bee.
There dwelt the last red deer, those antlered kings. . .
But this is as a dream,—the plough has passed
Where the stag bounded, and the day has looked
On the green twilight of the forest-trees.
This oak has no companion! . . .

THE VIOLET.

Violets!—deep-blue violets!
April's loveliest coronets!
There are no flowers grow in the vale,
Kissed by the dew, wooed by the gale,—
None by the dew of the twilight wet,
So sweet as the deep-blue violet!
I do remember how sweet a breath
Came with the azure light of a wreath
That hung round the wild harp's golden chords,
Which rang to my dark-eyed lover's words.
I have seen that dear harp rolled
With gems of the East and bands of gold;

But it never was sweeter than when set
With leaves of the deep-blue violet!
And when the grave shall open for me,—
I care not how soon that time may be,—
Never a rose shall grow on that tomb,
It breathes too much of hope and of bloom;
But there be that flower's meek regret,
The bending and deep-blue violet!

CHANGE.

And this is what is left of youth! . . . .
There were two boys, who were bred up together,
Shared the same bed, and fed at the same board;
Each tried the other's sport, from their first chace,
Young hunters of the butterfly and bee,
To when they followed the fleet hare, and tried
The swiftness of the bird. They lay beside
The silver trout-stream, watching as the sun
Played on the bubbles; shared each in the store
Of either's garden; and together read
Of him, the master of the desert isle,
Till a low hut, a gun, and a canoe,

Bounded their wishes. Or if ever came
A thought of future days, 'twas but to say
That they would share each other's lot, and do
Wonders, no doubt. But this was vain: they parted
With promises of long remembrance, words
Whose kindness was the heart's, and those warm tears,
Hidden like shame by the young eyes which shed them,
But which are thought upon in after-years
As what we would give worlds to shed once more.

They met again,—but different from themselves,
At least what each remembered of themselves:
The one proud as a soldier of his rank,
And of his many battles; and the other
Proud of his Indian wealth, and of the skill
And toil which gathered it; each with a brow
And heart alike darkened by years and care.

They met with cold words, and yet colder looks:
Each was changed in himself, and yet each thought
The other only changed, himself the same.
And coldness bred dislike, and rivalry
Came like the pestilence o'er some sweet thoughts
That lingered yet, healthy and beautiful,
Amid dark and unkindly ones. And they,
Whose boyhood had not known one jarring word.
Were strangers in their age: if their eyes met,
'Twas but to look contempt, and when they spoke,
Their speech was wormwood! . . . .
. . . . . And this, this is life!

THE GREY CROSS.

A GREY cross stands beneath yon old beech tree;
It marks a soldier's and a maiden's grave:
Around it is a grove of orange-trees,
With silver blossoms and with golden fruit.
It was a Spaniard, whom he saved from death,
Raised that cross o'er the gallant Englishman.

He left home a young soldier, full of hope
And enterprise;—he fell in his first field!
There came a lovely pilgrim to his tomb,
The blue-eyed girl, his own betrothed bride,—
Pale, delicate,—one looking as the gale

That bowed the rose could sweep her from the earth.
Yet she had left her home, where every look
Had been watched, oh, so tenderly!—and miles,
Long weary miles, had wandered. When she came
To the dim shadow of the aged beech,
She was worn to a shadow; colourless
The cheek once dyed by her own mountain-rose.
She reached the grave, and died upon the sod!
They laid her by her lover:—and her tale
Is often on the songs that the guitar
Echoes in the lime valleys of Castile!

CRESCENTIUS.

I LOOKED upon his brow,—no sign
Of guilt or fear was there;
He stood as proud by that death-shrine
As even o'er Despair
He had a power; in his eye
There was a quenchless energy,
A spirit that could dare
The deadliest form that Death could take,
And dare it for the daring's sake.

He stood, the fetters on his hand,—
He raised them haughtily;
And had that grasp been on the brand,
It could not wave on high
With freer pride than it waved now.
Around he looked with changeless brow
On many a torture nigh:
The rack, the chain, the axe, the wheel,
And, worst of all, his own red steel.

I saw him once before; he rode
Upon a coal-black steed,
And tens of thousands thronged the road
And bade their warrior speed.
His helm, his breast-plate, were of gold,
And graved with many a dent that told
Of many a soldier's deed;

The sun shone on his sparkling mail,
And danced his snow-plume on the gale.

But now he stood chained and alone,
  The headsman by his side,
The plume, the helm, the charger, gone;
  The sword which had defied
The mightiest, lay broken near;
And yet no sign or sound of fear
  Came from that lip of pride;
And never king or conqueror's brow
Wore higher look than his did now.

He bent beneath the headsman's stroke
  With an uncovered eye;
A wild shout from the numbers broke
  Who thronged to see him die.

It was a people's loud acclaim,
The voice of anger and of shame,
  A nation's funeral cry,
Rome's wail above her only son,
Her patriot and her latest one.

ON A STAR.

Beautiful star that art wandering through
The midnight ocean's waves of blue!
I have watched since thy first pale ray
Rose on the farewell of summer's day,—
From thy first sweet shine on the twilight hour,
To thy present blaze of beauty and power!
Would I could read my destiny,
Lovely and glorious star, in thee!
Yet why should I wish?—I know too well
What thy tablet of light would tell!
What, oh! what could I read there,
But the depths of Love's despair,—

Blighted feelings, like leaves that fall
The first from April's coronal,—
Hopes like meteors that shine and depart—
An early grave, and a broken heart!

SONG.

Farewell!—and never think of me
  In lighted hall or lady's bower!
Farewell!—and never think of me
  In spring sunshine or summer hour!—
But when you see a lonely grave,
  Just where a broken heart might be,
With not one mourner by its sod,
  Then—and then only—THINK OF ME!

HOME.

I LEFT my home;—'twas in a little vale,
Sheltered from snow-storms by the stately pines;
A small clear river wandered quietly,
Its smooth waves only cut by the light barks
Of fishers, and but darkened by the shade
The willows flung, when to the southern wind
They threw their long green tresses. On the slope
Were five or six white cottages, whose roofs
Reached not to the laburnum's height, whose boughs
Shook over them bright showers of golden bloom.
Sweet silence reigned around:—no other sound
Came on the air, than when the shepherd made
The reed-pipe rudely musical, or notes

From the wild birds, or children in their play
Sending forth shouts or laughter. Strangers came
Rarely or never near the lonely place. . . .
I went into far countries. Years past by,
But still that vale in silent beauty dwelt
Within my memory. Home I came at last.
I stood upon a mountain height, and looked
Into the vale below; and smoke arose,
And heavy sounds; and through the thick dim air
Shot blackened turrets, and brick walls, and roofs
Of the red tile. I entered in the streets:
There were ten thousand hurrying to and fro;
And masted vessels stood upon the river,
And barges sullied the once dew-clear stream.
Where were the willows, where the cottages?
I sought my home; I sought and found a city,—
Alas! for the green valley!

THE EMERALD RING.

A SUPERSTITION.

It is a gem which hath the power to show
If plighted lovers keep their faith or no:
If faithful, it is like the leaves of spring;
If faithless, like those leaves when withering.
  Take back again your emerald gem,
    There is no colour in the stone;
  It might have graced a diadem,
    But now its hue and light are gone!
Take back your gift, and give me mine—
  The kiss that sealed our last love-vow;
Ah, other lips have been on thine,—
  My kiss is lost and sullied now!

The gem is pale, the kiss forgot,
And, more than either, you are changed;
But *my* true love has altered not,
My heart is broken—not estranged!

LOVE.

She prest her slight hand to her brow, or pain
Or bitter thoughts were passing there. The room
Had no light but that from the fireside,
Which showed, then hid her face. How very pale
It looked, when over it the glimmer shone!
Is not the rose companion of the spring?
Then wherefore has the red-leaved flower forgotten
Her cheek? The tears stood in her large dark eyes—
Her beautiful dark eyes—like hyacinth stars,
When shines their shadowy glory through the dew
That summer nights have wept:—she felt them not,
Her heart was far away! Her fragile form,
Like the young willow when for the first time

The wind sweeps o'er it rudely, had not lost
Its own peculiar grace; but it was bowed
By sickness, or by worse than sickness—sorrow!
And this is love! Oh! why should woman love;
Wasting her dearest feelings, till health, hope,
Happiness, are but things of which henceforth
She'll only know the name? Her heart is seared:
A sweet light has been thrown upon its life,
To make its darkness the more terrible.
And this is Love!

LOVE, HOPE, AND BEAUTY.

Love may be increased by fears,
  May be fanned with sighs,
Nurst by fancies, fed by doubts;
  But without Hope it dies!
As in the far Indian isles
  Dies the young cocoa-tree,
Unless within the pleasant shade
  Of the parent plant it be:
So Love may spring up at first,
  Lighted at Beauty's eyes;—
But Beauty is not all its life,
  For without Hope it dies.

THE CRUSADER.

He is come from the land of the sword and shrine,
From the sainted battles of Palestine;
The snow plumes wave o'er his victor crest,
Like a glory the red cross hangs at his breast;
His courser is black as black can be,
Save the brow star white as the foam of the sea,
And he wears a scarf of 'broidery rare,
The last love-gift of his lady fair:
It bore for device a cross and a dove,
And the words, "I am vowed to my God and my love!"
He comes not back the same that he went,
For his sword has been tried, and his strength has been
spent;

His golden hair has a deeper brown,
And his brow has caught a darker frown,
And his lip hath lost its boyish red,
And the shade of the south o'er his cheek is spread;
But stately his step, and his bearing high,
And wild the light of his fiery eye;
And proud in the lists were the maiden bright
Who might claim the Knight of the Cross for her knight.
But he rides for the home he has pined to see
In the court, in the camp, in captivity.

He reached the castle,—the gate was thrown
Open and wide, but he stood there alone;
He entered the door,—his own step was all
That echoed within the deserted hall;
He stood on the roof of the ancient tower,
And for banner there waved one pale wall-flower;

And for sound of the trumpet and sound of the horn,
Came the scream of the owl on the night-wind borne;
And the turrets were falling, the vassals were flown,
And the bat ruled the halls he had thought his own.
His heart throbbed high: oh, never again
Might he soothe with sweet thoughts his spirit's pain!
He never might think on his boyish years
Till his eyes grew dim with those sweet warm tears
Which Hope and Memory shed when they meet.
The grave of his kindred was at his feet:
He stood alone, the last of his race,
With the cold, wide world for his dwelling-place.
The home of his fathers gone to decay,—
All but their memory was passed away;
No one to welcome, no one to share,
The laurel he no more was proud to wear:
He came in the pride of his war success
But to weep over very desolateness.

They pointed him to a barren plain
Where his father, his brothers, his kinsmen were slain;
They showed him the lowly grave, where slept
The maiden whose scarf he so truly had kept;
But they could not show him one living thing
To which his withered heart could cling. . . .

Amid the warriors of Palestine
Is one, the first in the battle-line;
It is not for glory he seeks the field,
For a blasted tree is upon his shield,
And the motto he bears is, "I fight for a grave:"
He found it—that warrior has died with the brave!

THE WARRIOR.

A SKETCH.

The warrior went forth in the morning light,—
Waved like a meteor his plume of white,
Scarce might his gauntleted hand restrain
The steed that snorted beneath the rein;
Yet curbed he its pride, for upon him there
Gazed the dark eye of his ladye fair.
She stood on the tower to watch him ride,—
The maiden whose hand on his bosom had tied
The scarf she had worked;—she saw him depart
With a tearless eye, though a beating heart;
But when the knight of her love was gone,
She went to her bower to weep alone.

The warrior past,—but first he took
At the castle-wall one parting look,
And thought of the evening when he should bring
His ladye his battle offering;
Then like a thought he dashed o'er the plain,
And with banner and brand came his vassal train.
It was a thrilling sound to hear
The bugle's welcome of warlike cheer;
It was a thrilling sight to see
The ranks of that gallant company:
Many were there stately and tall,
But EDITH's knight was the first of all.—
The day is past, and the moonbeams weep
O'er the many that rest in their last cold sleep;
Near to the gashed and the nerveless hand
Is the pointless spear and the broken brand;

The archer lies like an arrow spent,
His shafts all loose and his bow unbent;
Many a white plume torn and red,
Bright curls rent from the graceful head,
Helmet and breast-plate scattered around,
Lie a fearful show on the well-fought ground;
While the crow and the raven flock over head
To feed on the hearts of the helpless dead,
Save when scared by the glaring eye
Of some wretch in his last death agony.

Lighted up is that castle-wall,
And twenty harpers wait in the hall;
On the board is mantling the purple wine,
And wreaths of white flowers the maidens twine;
For distant and faint is heard the swell
Of bugles and voices from yonder dell,—

The victors are coming: and by the tower
Had Edith watched for the midnight hour.

Oh, that lone sickness of the heart,
Which bids the weary moments depart,
Yet dreads their departing; the cross she held fast,
And kissed off the tears—they are come at last!
But has not the bugle a plaining wail,
As the notes of its sadness come on the gale;
Why comes there no shout of the victors' pride,
As red from the battle they homewards ride?
Yet high o'er their ranks is their white banner borne,
While beneath droops the foeman's, blood-stained
and torn.
Said not that young warrior thus it should be,
When he talked to his Edith of victory?

Yet, maiden, weep o'er thy loneliness.
Is not yon dark horse riderless?
She flew to the gate,—she stood there alone,—
Where was he who to meet her had flown?
The dirge grew plain as the troop came near,—
They bear the young chieftain cold on his bier!

APOLOGUE:

THE THOUGHT SUGGESTED BY A SPANISH SAYING,

"AIR---FIRE---WATER---SHAME."

WATER.

SEEK for me in the Arab maid's bower,
Where the fountain plays over the jasmine flower;
Seek for me in the light cascade
The minstrel lists in the greenwood shade;
Seek me at morn 'mid the violet's dyes;
Seek me where rainbows paint April skies;
In the blue rush of rivers, the depths of the sea,
If we should sever, there seek for me.

FIRE.

Seek for me where the war-shots meet,
Where the soldier's cloak is his winding-sheet;
Seek for me where the lava wave
Bursts from Etna's secret cave;
Seek for me where Christmas mirth
Brightens the circle of love round your hearth;
Where meteor-flames glance, where the stars are bright;
Where the beacon flashes at the dead midnight;
Where the lightning scathes the tall oak-tree,
If we should sever, there seek for me.

AIR.

Seek for me where the Spanish maid
Hearkens at eve to the serenade;

Seek for me where the clouds are dark,
Where the billows foam round the sinking bark;
Where the aspen-leaf floats on the summer's gale,
Where the rose bends low at the nightingale's tale;
Where the wind-harp wakens in melody,
If we should sever, there seek for me.

SHAME.

Seek not me, if we should sever:
Parted once, we part for ever.

BALLADS.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

There 's a white stone placed upon yonder tomb,
  Beneath is a soldier lying:
The death wound came amid sword and plume,
  When banner and ball were flying.

Yet now he sleeps, the turf on his breast,
  By wet wild flowers surrounded;
The church shadow falls o'er his place of rest,
  Where the steps of his childhood bounded.

There were tears that fell from manly eyes,
  There was woman's gentler weeping,
And the wailing of age and infant cries,
  O'er the grave where he lies sleeping.

He had left his home in his spirit's pride,
With his father's sword and blessing;
He stood with the valiant side by side,
His country's wrongs redressing.

He came again, in the light of his fame,
When the red campaign was over:
One heart that in secret had kept his name,
Was claimed by the soldier lover.

But the cloud of strife came upon the sky;
He left his sweet home for battle;
And his young child's lisp for the loud war-cry,
And the cannon's long death-rattle.

He came again,—but an altered man:
The path of the grave was before him,
And the smile that he wore was cold and wan,
For the shadow of death hung o'er him.

He spoke of victory,—spoke of cheer:—
These are words that are vainly spoken
To the childless mother or orphan's ear,
Or the widow whose heart is broken.

A helmet and sword are engraved on the stone,
Half hidden by yonder willow;
There he sleeps, whose death in battle was won,
But who died on his own home-pillow!

SONG OF THE HUNTER'S BRIDE.

ANOTHER day—another day,
And yet he comes not nigh;
I look amid the dim blue hills,
Yet nothing meets mine eye.

I hear the rush of mountain-streams
Upon the echoes borne;
I hear the singing of the birds,
But not my hunter's horn.

The eagle sails in darkness past,
The watchful chamois bounds;
But what I look for comes not near,—
My ULRIC's hawk and hounds.

Three times I thus have watched the snow
  Grow crimson with the stain
The setting sun threw o'er the rock,
  And I have watched in vain.

I love to see the graceful bow
  Across his shoulder slung,—
I love to see the golden horn
  Beside his baldric hung.

I love his dark hounds, and I love
  His falcon's sweeping flight;
I love to see his manly cheek
  With mountain-colours bright.

I've waited patiently, but now
  Would that the chase were o'er;
Well may he love the hunter's toil,
  But he should love me more.

Why stays he thus?—he would be here
If his love equalled mine;—
Methinks had I one fond caged dove,
I would not let it pine.

But, hark! what are those ringing steps
That up the valley come?
I see his hounds,—I see himself,—
My Ulric, welcome home!

WHEN SHOULD LOVERS BREATHE THEIR VOWS?

WHEN should lovers breathe their vows?
  When should ladies hear them?
When the dew is on the boughs,
  When none else are near them;
When the moon shines cold and pale,
  When the birds are sleeping,
When no voice is on the gale,
  When the rose is weeping;
When the stars are bright on high,
  Like hopes in young Love's dreaming,
And glancing round the light clouds fly,
  Like soft fears to shade their beaming.

The fairest smiles are those that live
  On the brow by starlight wreathing;
And the lips their richest incense give
  When the sigh is at midnight breathing.
Oh, softest is the cheek's love-ray
  When seen by moonlight hours,
Other roses seek the day,
  But blushes are night-flowers.
Oh, when the moon and stars are bright,
  When the dew-drops glisten,
Then their vows should lovers plight,
  Then should ladies listen!

THE END.

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